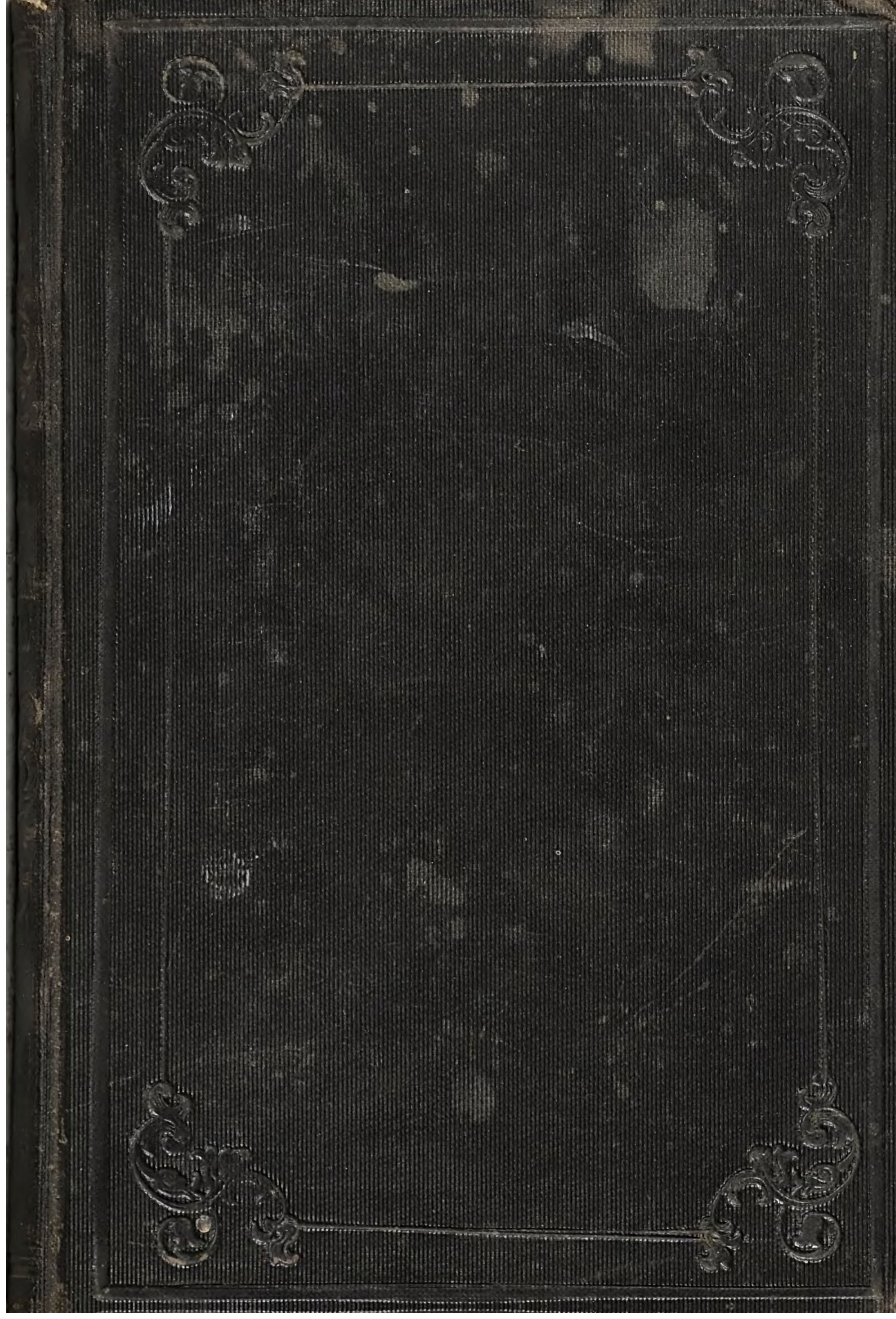




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ROSA OF TANNENBURG.

A TALE OF ANCIENT TIMES.

FOR

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF „GENOVEFA.“
(*Christoph von Schmid.*)

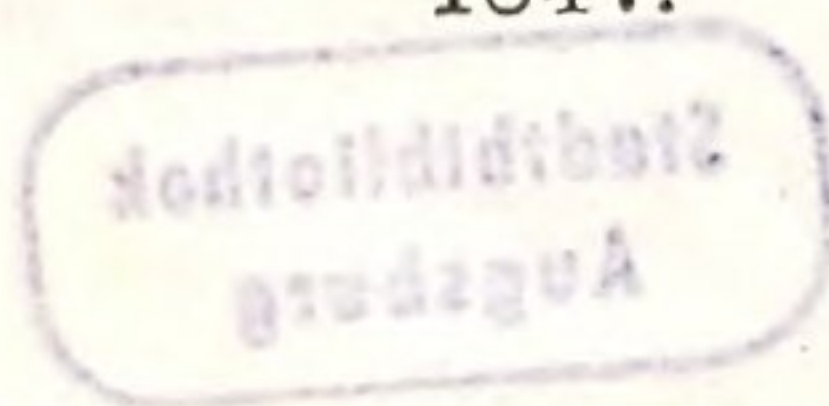
TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.



STUTTGART.

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1847.



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P R E F A C E.

The translation of the little book which is now submitted to the public, has been undertaken from the wish to facilitate the study of English among the younger branches of the German community, by presenting to them, in that language, one of their own most popular tales.

The translator also indulges a hope that the juvenile world in England, though already richly supplied with books both of amusement and instruction, may yet favourably receive a small contribution from the works of a foreign author, whose writings merit the highest encomiums, and deservedly claim the most extensive patronage of his fellow-countrymen. Examples of patience, fortitude, resignation to the will of Heaven, and the fair train

of religious and moral virtues, cannot fail of making a deep and lasting impression in youthful hearts, yet glowing with admiration of what is lovely and excellent, untrained to the arts of an unfeeling, selfish world.

The translation itself may perhaps need an apology, it being in many instances rather difficult, to render the true spirit of the original, without adopting its somewhat quaint style. — That this little volume may be found both entertaining and instructive by its young readers, and that they may all possess, and act up to the principles it inculeates, is the sincere wish of

Stuttgart — May 1847.

THE TRANSLATOR.

CHAPTER I.

ROSA'S EDUCATION.

On the southern borders of Swabia in the midst of those picturesque regions of lovely valleys and green hills, behind which arise the lofty mountains of Switzerland in all their snowy grandeur, there stood on the summit of a rock the sides of which were clothed with pines, the large fortress of Tannenburg. Years after its destruction, its ruined towers and ivy covered walls, when seen in the gleam of the setting sun or by the pale moonlight, arrested the attention of the wanderer. He would recur with gratitude to the memory of those virtuous persons, who formerly lived there, and who had rendered the surrounding country happy; and continued his wanderings deeply impressed with the transitory nature of all earthly things.

In this castle once lived the noble Knight Edel-

bert with his wife in the sweetest harmony. Edelbert was a very brave warrior; and though his profession was indeed a cruel one, his disposition was mild and gentle. Beneath his iron cuirass beat a heart of love towards his fellow creatures. He was a truly pious, honest German, and a kind Lord towards his vassals. The Duke of Swabia loved him as his friend, and even the Emperor himself had honorably distinguished him above all the other Knights of his court. Mathilda, Edelbert's wife, was considered on account of her good sense, piety, virtue, and benevolence as the most excellent woman in the whole country; besides these amiable qualities she was exceedingly beautiful. Edelbert was seldom at home in those warlike times: he accompanied the Duke in his campaigns, and was sometimes absent for years together. Mathilda's chief delight and joy during her husband's absence was the company of her only child, a sweet girl called Rosa, the image of her mother in mind, and person. The education of this promising child was the principle care of the affectionate mother; her method was simple but excellent; being herself sincerely pious, and good she educated her child in the same spirit. She instructed her in every thing that was good and virtuous teaching her good, and found little difficulty in teaching

her daughter above all things, to know God, and endeavoured to implant in her young heart a filial love, toward her Heavenly Father. This excellent woman possessed a soul capable of comprehending, and admiring the magnificent works of God, and their contemplation ever filled her with unfeigned joy. From the high arched windows of the apartment in which she daily spent several hours at her needle work, she enjoyed a beautiful view. When contemplated from this height, the heavens and the earth presented, to her a scene of indescribable beauty and; furnished this good mother with frequent occasion of calling her daughter's, attention to the Wisdom, Love, and Omnipotence of God, so visible in all his works. —

One fine morning in summer Mathilda awoke her little Rosa saying: „come quick Rosa and see how beautifully the sun is rising, look she continued, opening the window, „how the sky glows yonder in its early beams. Look how the light, silver clouds, are tinged with the brightest red, and the heads of the distant snow mountains, behind the dark woods yonder, shine like pinnacles of massy gold, look, now the sun rises — Oh! how wonderful is God who has created him, and all that his beams enlighten.

Look how the shining church-steeple glitters in the midst of the wood of fruit trees which almost conceals our little village. The labourers are returning refreshed to their daily labour; the cowherd drives his joyous lowing cattle into the deep valleys, the shepherd leads his flock to graze upon the hills. The mowers on yonder flowery meadow, mow merrily with their glittering scythes. The cornfields are already yellow, and soon will be reaped. Every where you see the bountiful blessings of God. Oh! how kind a father is He, who looks with equal love upon all men, whether they live in castles or in huts, who gives them this beautiful earth for their dwelling place, and promises to take them to himself in the world to come. Should we not rejoice to have such a Father?"

Such words flowing from the mother's heart could not fail to gain the heart of her daughter; she clasped her little hands and exclaimed: „Oh thou good, kind God: how I thank thee for having made all things so beautiful.“ — In the same way did Mathilda teach her daughter how every thing that we see upon earth, and in the sky, from the sun to the smallest dew-drop, claims the love and kindness of God. The changing seasons with their respective charms,

and rich gifts, afforded ample store for her contemplations. Rosa learnt to look up from the creature to the Creator; she thought of him with a joyful heart when looking at a beautiful flower; or ripe fruit and thanked Him with an overflowing heart for his benefits. The pious mother knew the Bible by heart, and related to her attentive daughter while she was spinning, or engaged at her embroidery, those stories suitable to her tender age. Rosa used to fancy herself in Paradise in the huts of the Patriarchs, in the wilderness, or in the land flowing with milk and honey; and took great delight in listening to her mother's recitals. She learnt how God revealed himself to man, as the Holy One who loves righteousness, who hates wickedness, and wishes all men to be good and holy. In those histories of the Wicked which the Bible relates, she took warning of the dreadful consequences of Vice; from the histories of the Good, she drew examples of every amiable quality. But Rosa loved best of all, to hear of Jesus Christ. She rejoiced like the Angels and shepherds at the manger in Bethlehem before the heavenly child, and offerd like the wise men of the East, at his cradle the sacrifice of childish adoration and gratitude, which is more precious than gold and myrrh. She beheld the

Holy child in the cottage at Nazareth; she observed how He obeyed his holy Mother, and pious Father; how He prayed, and laboured, and increased in favour with God; and man; and Rosa resolved in her heart to obey her parents, as He did his, and to increase in Goodness every day. She accompanied in spirit the heavenly teacher on his journey through the Holy Land; she fancied herself one of his hearers, on the mountains, or by the sea side, or in the Temple; marked all his words with devoted attention, and promised her mother faithfully to follow his doctrines. Her heart was filled with joy when she heard how, He, the heavenly Friend of children, called the little ones around him, and blessed them; how He said to the weeping parents who had lost their child „the maid sleepeth“ and immediately awoke her from the sleep of death; and how He commanded the dead man to arise, and restored him to his distressed Mother. She resolved always to be a good child, and to merit his blessing; she loved Him from her heart, she trusted in Him who wipes away all tears, who can help in every need, who can deprive death of all its terrors, and who can bestow everlasting life. When her mother spoke to her of the sufferings which He, the Innocent one took upon himself for the love of men;

and how, when bleeding upon the Cross he even implored his Heavenly Father to show mercy upon his murderers, and entered into Glory through sufferings and Death, the tears flowed down Rosa's fair cheeks. She resolved in her heart to devote her whole life to Him who died for her. In this manner the pious Mother taught her daughter the love of God, and her Redeemer.

In the same way that the mother, endeavoured to implant in the heart, of her daughter, love towards all mankind, especially to her parents, her own love for her daughter naturally won the heart of the child. Rosa loved her father affectionately, although he was seldom at home, because her mother always spoke of him with a deep affection. When Mathilda said: „Let me be able to tell dear Papa when he comes home, nothing but what is good of you,“ that was always the greatest encouragement for Rosa to be good. And when at length her father did come home, Rosa and her mother did all in their power to please him. Her father for instance, was very fond of a particular sort of peaches which grew on the wall of the castle. Mathilda once gathered the first ripe fruit, of the tree, and divided it into three equal parts for her husband, herself, and Rosa, saying at the same time: „I will give mine to your father; Rosa immediately

exclaimed „I will do the same with mine.“ She would not have tasted one for all the world. She arranged the peaches with great pleasure in a beautiful little basket, placing them in the manner most calculated, to make their beautiful colours show to the best advantage.

Mathilda was accustomed to relieve the poor with money or food. She often gave her daughter an opportunity of distributing her alms, that she might feel how delightful it is, to do good. She knew how to excite her compassion for the distress of others, and to make her ever willing, to sacrifice her own pleasure for the benefit of her fellow creatures. Rosa received on her birth-day, a gold florin from her Father with permission to buy any article of dress she chose. Rosa asked her mother's opinion about many fine things, that she might be able to get with her gold. Her mother named all sorts of things, and Rosa was so pleased with each, that she could not decide which to buy. During the deliberation a poor widow, who had lost her only cow by an epidemic, begged admittance. Mathilda brought the widow, into the room, and after having listened to her complaint said to her: „That must indeed, be a very hard loss to you, but I have already given away a large sum of money to others, who were equally unfortunate. I scarcely believe

I have so much money left, besides I must keep some for my own use. She went however, brought some money, and counted it down upon the table. „That is all I can give you“ said Mathilda, „if you had but one more piece of gold, you might buy a fine cow again. Rosa hastily took up her piece of money, and adding it to that already upon the table said: „I have dresses enough, and the poor widow is more in need of a cow than I am of new clothes.“ The poor woman wept for joy, and kissed Rosa's hands. When she had left them, Mathilda embraced her daughter saying: „You have behaved very well my dear Rosa; your benevolence is of greater value, than ten thousand florins, and all the dress and splendour of the world.“

Mathilda accustomed Rosa from her childhood to the most implicit obedience, for, said this wise mother: „The self-will of a child is the greatest obstacle to all good. A child must first learn to subject its will, to the will of its parents; it will then be easier for it to obey the commands of God. If a child does not obey its parents whom it sees; how will it ever obey God, whom it does not see.“ All violent passions must be tempered in the child's heart; the weeds must be torn out by the roots, that the beautiful blossoms of noble feelings may spring up. What she did not

think right, Mathilda positively refused to grant. Little Rosa, like all other children at first tried to obtain what she wished by tears and teasing, but she soon perceived that a single No from her mother signified as much as a hundred words, and becoming convinced, that all her endeavours were in vain, she ceased her entreaties. Her mother gave her daily opportunities of shewing her obedience and selfdenial. The will of her mother was ever obeyed; every game, or employment was laid aside at her call. Not a single flower or fruit was Rosa allowed to gather without her mothers consent. But Mathilda took no delight in forbidding and commanding. She did not like to hear children continually reprov'd and scolded, „a habit which never corrects their faults“ „Children need but few commands said she „but those few must be punctually obeyed.“ God only gave us ten commandments to make us good and happy, and had those always been attended to, a thousand others might have been spared us. She found it necessary to encourage obedience by rewards, and to stop disobedience by punishments.“ „God does the same to us said she. — Mathilda was always happy, when able to give her dear Rosa of the fruit of the garden; but Rosa was obliged to deserve it. She said for instance: „If you learn

these verses well, and without a fault, you shall have those fine cherries." Or she said another time : If you knit well what I have set you to do, you shall have these grapes. „Rosa's task was soon finished, and her joy was much greater, than if she had received the cherries, grapes, or other fruit without having merited them. If Rosa did any thing wrong, she was not allowed to accompany her mother into the garden, which was punishment enough for her, and very soon even this was no more necessary. When Mathilda said with a grave and sad countenance, " I should never have believed this of you, Rosa do not grieve me again, „Rosa continued quite unhappy untill her dear Mamma again smiled upon her."

Mathilda who was herself industrious, never suffered her child to be idle; when she sat at her own work Rosa was obliged to be usefully employed likewise. Her mother than regarded her child with pleasure, and sometimes thought in her own mind: „the child's industry is of no use to our household yet, but it is very good for the child herself. It preserves her from dullness and ill humours, and accustoms her to active life. Rosa, when still very young, was very clever at her needle, and her spinning wheel. She made herself a frock out of the linen she had spun, and was more pleased with it, than

with the richest stuffs, her father ever brought her home from his travels.

Mathilda superintended, as was at that time the custom, the clean light castle kitchen herself. There too she endeavoured to find something for Rosa to do, even during her childhood; sometimes her occupation consisted in shelling peas or beans. Her mother's favorite employment was in the garden of the castle, where the fine fresh air was reviving and good for her health. Rosa too soon took pleasure in garden work. Her mother committed a separate piece of ground, entirely to her special care, and had a small rake, a pretty little watering pot, and other useful implements made on purpose for her. Here she always found plenty of work, from the first days of spring, when the peach trees began to put forth their beautiful blossoms, till autumn, when the leaves fell from the trees. How much pleasure did Rosa feel, in planting young shrubs; sowing seeds, watering the useful vegetables, weeding the soil, digging up the ground around the young cabbages, and binding up the high twining beans. Rosa was not a little pleased, when the first green peas, which she herself had sown and cooked were placed upon the table; she fancied she had never before tasted any thing

so delicate.“ „This is the sweet fruit of industry“ said her mother „in this manner does God reward diligence in great things as well as in trifles. Industry alone has changed the wilderness, which once surrounded our castle, into a fruitful garden.“

In the same manner did Rosa's mother, strive to find agreeable varieties in the daily employments of her daughter; and took care to provide her with recreations suited to her age. Twice or thrice in the week, she allowed several well behaved girls of Rosa's age, to come up to the castle to visit her, amongst whom one young girl named Agnes was remarkable for her good temper. Rosa first treated her little guests with milk, fruit, and cakes, after which they spun for some time, and then played together in the room or in the garden. The mother however, never lost sight of the children, and always listened to their conversation, without letting them perceive it. She helped them in their games, and knew even how to render amusement instructive. In this manner she preserved a cheerful, and gay temper in her child, which she regarded as the chief object of a good education — Rosa was always happy, and therefore always willing to work, and to do good.

The wise mother particularly endeavoured

to stifle the rising vanity and love of dress in Rosa's heart. One day when Rosa was more advanced in age, the Duke of Swabia came to visit his friend Edelbert, and several Knights with their Ladies were invited from the neighbouring castles. Rosa made her appearance in a rich and costly dress, suited to her high rank, and adorned with jewels. The guests praised her beauty, and dress exceedingly, and said many flattering things to her which she did not dislike. When the Duke had left the castle Mathilda said to Rosa: „I felt much grieved at what the Gentlemen, and Ladies said to you. It seems they saw nothing to admire in y ou but this vain finery, which you only wear for a short time, and which y ou must-now lay aside. They praised the jeweller, and weaver-not you. They only admired your outward appearance, the beauty of which is not any virtue of yours; and which will soon decay. Alas if you possessed nothing more valuable, what an unhappy mother I should be! O my dear Rosa strive to gain those amiable qualities which will really ornament you. Matilda laid the jewels into their separate caskets, saying: „What are those baubles compared to a noble mind, they can never render you happy. When Jam carried to the grave this casket will remain here.

Noble feelings, and actions, are the only jewels which do not lose their value in the world to come.

Mathilda's own example had more influence on the education of her daughter, than all her words could have had. The behaviour of her mother was a bright mirror in which Rosa could daily see what she ought to do; and how much she still had to learn. Her mother was so modest, so mild, and so gentle that her conduct was a continual recommendation of modesty, mildness, and gentleness. She never boasted of herself; never let others feel her rank, riches or talents. Her mild, kind countenance was never disfigured by anger. She never spoke ill of her fellow creatures, never did she utter scandalous, or malicious words. Her piety and humanity particularly made such a deep impression upon the heart of her daughter that she never forgot it in after life. There was a little ancient chapel in the castle, upon whose windows Rosa liked to trace several events in sacred history, which were there painted in lively colours. At the Altar of this Chapel the pious mother often knelt with devotion, and a look of heavenliness in her countenance, which showed how sincerely her soul was given up to God. It was an affecting sight for Rosa, when her mother thus raised her heart in prayer to

Heaven, and Rosa beheld here with her eyes, and felt in her heart, that the most blessed, and purest feelings are those of true devotion. No book would have so thoroughly convinced her of this truth.

Mathilda's principal care was for the sick, the infirm, and the distressed. It chanced that the wife of a poor labourer, the mother of seven young children, who lived in the village at the foot of the hill, fell dangerously ill. The noble Lady did not shun the fatigue, of descending the steep mountain on which the castle stood, and visiting the sick woman in her lowly cottage, to inquire into her situation, and to arrange every thing that might alleviate her sufferings and, even gave her the medicines herself. She repeated her visits daily, accompanied by Rosa, whom she wished to make acquainted with the sufferings of others, to show her how she once might sustain her own. When Mathilda sometime after stood by the sick bed, and pronounced the woman out of danger : when all the seven children, the distressed father, and even the sick woman herself, shed tears of joy : when the father told the children, to thank the noble Lady who had saved their mothers life, upon their knees ; when he himself, in the excess of joy fell weeping at her feet, and the children kissed the hand

of their benefactress, Rosa was so touched that she herself wept, happy in having such a mother, and resolving in her heart to tread in her footsteps. Such an excellent education could not fail to bring forth good fruit. Rosa was the image of every maidenly virtue; She was love its self towards God, her parents, and all mankind. Her humility, modest behaviour, and gentle manners, together with her pious, and pure heart, ennobled and adorned her lovely countenance. Simple, and unspotted as her mind, was the dress she wore, made of linen which she herself had spun and bleached, some blue wild-flowers or a rose-bud, added to the snow-white robe, completed her favorite costume. But her innocent, pure eyes were of a richer blue than the wild flowers, and the blush of innocence on her blooming face, put to shame even the tints of the opening Rosebuds. Whoever saw her said; Rosa of Tannenburg is certainly the handsomest girl in Swabia, but her virtue renders her infinitely more amiable than her beauty!

CHAPTER II.

ROSA LOSES HER MOTHER.

Rosa was not destined long to enjoy the happiness of having such an excellent mother. She was about fourteen years old, when her mother fell dangerously ill. She felt the danger herself, and did not conceal it from her daughter. Edelbert was absent at the wars; she therefore said to Rosa: "dear Rosa send a messenger immediately to call your father home, I wish to see him once more; and send for the pious Abbot of Norman likewise. He baptised me, and dedicated me to God at my birth; he will not refuse me his consolations, when about to leave this life, but join his prayers to mine, that I may obtain everlasting life in the world to come, with my Creator and Redeemer. It would be too late, she continued: if I had not thought of death before now: All our earthly pilgrimages, ought to be one long preparation for Heaven. But weak man can do nothing better in the awful moments of death, than to dedicate them to God, and implore his forgiveness, even for the smallest fault, and to be in

peace with him, according to the commandment of our Holy church." The pious Abbot, a kind, amiable old man, appeared. Matilda conversed with him for some time in private, and received from his hands the bread of life. Her ardent devotion took possession of the heart of Rosa and alleviated her deep sorrow. The venerable Abbot prayed aloud with the dying Lady; he spoke with such energy and conviction of eternal life, that Rosa sincerely wished to die with her mother. Rosa remained at her mother's side, as a guardian angel, full of love and tenderness.

Edelbert arrived some days after, late at night; Rosa met him at the foot of the winding stone staircase, and welcomed him with a flood of tears. Edelbert, already deeply afflicted, was struck with the mortal paleness and change in the countenance of his beloved wife, till at length, he likewise gave vent to his feelings in tears. Rosa stood weeping at the other side of the bed. The dying Lady took her husband's hand with a look of unutterable tenderness, and with the other, she drew Rosa towards her. „Dearest Edelbert, dearest Rosa“ she said in a weak voice; „my hour is come. I shall not live to see the rising sun; but do not weep. I shall be happier above, in the house of our heavenly Father, where there are many mansions. Let it

seem to you, as if I had only gone into another room of this large house ; I am not lost to you, we shall soon meet again, never more to part." She ceased speaking, her weakness overpowered her; after a short pause she continued. " Dearest Edelbert I never gave you a picture of myself; but I leave you one in Rosa our dear daughter. Let her be to you, a better remembrancer of me, than any other I could ever leave you. I bequeath her to you in my last moments, as in the presence of God. I have endeavoured to make her good, and upright: do you finish what I have left undone; confer all the love upon her, which you have shown me, and for which I thank you with my last breath. „And you dearest Rosa, have always been my delight: you have been a good daughter, and never grieved me; I must give you this consolation in the hour of my death. O remain good, innocent, and pious; never forsake your Redeemer, love God; do what he commands you, and never that which is wrong: honour and love your father, he is so much exposed to danger in the wars. Should he once be brought home wounded,—take my place. Be to him in his old age, the tender and affectionate companion, that I would have been; be a good daughter to him — and now farewell." O God! she exclaimed, raising her eyes

to Heaven , „Guard her from evil, and preserve her in all that is good. O hear my last prayer upon earth, the fervent prayers of a dying mother, and let me find her again in Heaven!“ Father and daughter were dissolved in tears; the dying lady joined the hands of her husband and daughter together, and pressed them in her own.“ We three , said she, were ever of one heart and mind in this world. May we be the same in the world to come. Death cannot destroy love; we shall live eternally in Heaven, and there love each other for ever!“

She regarded her husband and daughter with the serenity of an angel; in her countenance shone already the rays of her approaching Glory. „God said she, gives me great consolation and joy in my last moments. His name be praised, O my dear Rosa! how I rejoice that you have an example in me, how happily and cheerfully a christian may die, who believes in God, in Christ, and in eternal life. Christ does not withhold his peace from those who need it, he will not forsake us. I do not fear death: I rejoice in the hope of eternal life.“ She fixed her eyes upon a beautiful picture of the dying Saviour, which hung upon the opposite wall, and clasping her hands, repeated in a low voice. „As Thou, O my Re-

deemer, commendedst Thy soul into the hands of Thy Father, even so do I commend my spirit into Thy hands." She ceased — grew paler — her eyes became fixed — she ceased to breathe. Rosa was in speechless agony. Edelbert said sobbing: „she lived and died as a saint, she has overcome the world; may God take us to himself as peacefully, and unite us hereafter in Heaven." The grief of Edelbert and the afflicted Rosa was inexpressible, during the night, the following day, and at the funeral. It was a day of universal mourning. In every house, every cottage of their vassals, there was as deep distress, as if its own head had died. The venerable Abbot committed the body to the earth. He began to address the crowd of people, assembled around the grave, but the general sobbing was so loud, that the voice of the aged man could not be heard. He himself burst into tears, and making a sign with his hand for silence, only pronounced the following words. „Where tears are so eloquent I must cease to speak; let us so live, that tears of gratitude may also flow upon our graves. Let us, like the departed saint, sow plentifully here, that we may reap abundantly hereafter!"

CHAPTER III.

ROSA NURSES HER FATHER IN HIS ILLNESS.

Knight Edelbert went to the wars again; but he returned one day in autumn to his castle with a deep wound in his right arm. Rosa was greatly frightened, and showed the deepest sympathy for the pain of her beloved Father. She never quitted his bed side, except to prepare and bring him his food, and she assisted at the dressing of his wounds. As Edelbert's arm healed but slowly, he often sat dejected and melancholy at his fireside, lamenting being prevented from assisting the Duke in his battles: Then it was, that Rosa alone possessed the art of cheering him: she sat by him while she embroidered or spun; she spoke of her departed mother, and related to him many of her good actions, of which he had never heard till then. She inquired after the stories of his life as a soldier, and she persuaded him, to let her again fill the silver cup, which he had received as a present, from her mother's father; the Knight was thus gradually and imperceptibly drawn into

conversation, his gloom disappeared; and many hours of the long winter fled like moments. In the first days of spring, a noble Knight arrived at Edelbert's castle, and requested him to join the Duke in the field. Edelbert was deeply dejected to feel that his arm was still too weak to wield his sword or lance. However, he summoned all his vassals to his castle to help the Duke, and entertained them three days liberally. On the morning of the fourth day, which was appointed for their departure, he bid them all assemble in the large hall of the castle. In his knightly dress, adorned with his gold chain, but without his armour, (as the iron rings would have hurt his wounded arm), he appeared amongst them, solemnly committed them to the care of the strange Knight, and encouraged them to be brave, and keep good order; he ended by saying: „Be brave as lions towards the enemy, but towards the peaceful peasant be gentle as lambs. He looked after them from his window, with tearful eyes, until they disappeared in the next forest.

In vain he tried to recover his spirits that day; his quiet castle seemed to him lonely and deserted, after the departure of his faithful followers. After supper he sat down dejected at the fireside; the evening was cold and dismal; a fearful storm shook

the high towers of the castle, and the rain beat violently against the windows of the room. Rosa laid more fuel upon the fire, brought her father his usual evening drink in the old silver cup, sat down beside him and said. „Dear father, tell me once more the story of the good charcoalburner, who came to see you this afternoon. I know something about it: he used formerly to live in our castle, and his daughter Agnes was the companion of my childhood; but I should like to hear the whole.“ The history of my dear old Burkhardt cried the Knight; willingly! The kind man did not visit me to-day without a particular reason. He knew very well, how lonely I should feel, if obliged to stay behind. He has experienced this himself, he was once a very brave soldier, who often accompanied me in my wars. But before I can tell you the story of Burkhardt I must first give you some particulars about Knight Kunerich. You know the magnificent castle of Fichtenburg; we see its towers at a great distance from our hall windows; but you have never yet seen the Knight himself. He never was well disposed towards me, and has never even visited me. His hatred manifested itself at an early age. We were both sent to the court as pages. Kunerich as a boy was obstinate, impetuous, and conceited,

which made him no great favorite with the Duke, and therefore, he hated and envied me, because I was preferred before him. When we had passed the years of boyhood, and received the spurs of knight-hood, we were summoned to show our dexterity in the use of lances, for the first time, at a tournament given by the Duke to the young nobility. I won the first prize—a sword with golden hilt, which your mother, who was at that time the handsomest, and most virtuous lady at the Duke's court, presented to me upon a velvet cushion, in the presence of all the Chivalry of Swabia. Kunerich on the contrary gained the last prize—a pair of silver spurs. From that moment he hated me still more, and never could look me straight in the face; but his malice gained the highest pitch, when the Emperor as you know, presented me with this gold chain, as a mark of honour after that great battle; whilst Kunerich, through whose negligence and impetuosity, the battle had well nigh been lost, received a severe rebuke from him. The brave Burkhardt, as my vassal, and fellow soldier in war, was in possession of a small estate, which lay on the borders of my domains and those of Kunerich: But Knight Kunerich was a bad neighbour for my good Burkhardt. He kept quantities of all sorts of game; the deer frequently passed the limits, and

destroyed Burkhardt's crops; the wild boars laid waste his best meadows: I gave him permission to kill them all without hesitation, and to bring them to my castle; as all the game killed on my lands belonged of right to me. One evening, I was riding home from hunting with my servants; the sun had already set, and the glow of the evening shone beautifully through the fir trees. Suddenly Gertrude, honest Burkhardt's wife, ran out to meet me half frantic, and falling upon her knees before me, clasped her hands, imploring me to help her. She had brought her little Agnes with her; the child knelt down by its mother, and clasped its little hands too. This sight pierced my very heart: I dismounted and bid them tell me what had happened. The story ran thus: Burkhardt, with his wife and daughter, had been sitting beneath a tree before their house, at supper, without the least idea of evil, when suddenly, Kunerich, accompanied by several armed men, broke in upon them. The servants seized my good Burkhardt, bound his hands behind his back, dragged him into a cart, and carried him off. The reason of this violence was, because Burkhardt had shot a stag on the borders, but still upon our territory, and sent him to Tannenburg. The enraged Kunerich swore he would throw the impudent poacher, as he called my

honest Burkhardt, into the deepest dungeon of Fichtenburg, and let him die among rats and vermine. He shall be free Gertrude, said I, even should I be forced to destroy the robber's nest — Fichtenburg itself. Be comforted, and go in the meantime with your child to my castle. I immediately set off, thinking if possible to deprive the robbers of their prey, before they could reach their castle. I sent some of my servants before me to reconnoitre, named a spot, where we might meet again, and proceeded myself towards Fichtenburg. The servants soon brought back news, that Kunerich was sitting in the mill, at Föhrengrunde, drinking beer, which happened to be very good there. The cart which carried my poor Burkhardt stood before the door. I found that I had gained time upon the enemy, and therefore stopped with my followers at a suitable place in the forest, which Kunerich was obliged to pass with his servants. They came at length with a loud noise, not suspecting the least danger. We fell upon them as quick as lightning; the full moon which had just risen, assisted us by its light; Kunerich was completely taken by surprise, and being himself in a state of intoxication, he did not fight very bravely, but soon took to flight with all his servants. I might

have taken him prisoner if I had wished it, but I pitied him, and suffered him to escape. Happily no blood was spilt in the fray, but the ground was covered with the arms of the enemy. We unloosed Burkhardt, loaded the cart with our spoil, gave him a horse, which had thrown its rider during the fight, and returned home with great rejoicings. It is impossible to describe the delight of his wife and his little daughter, when we entered the castle, with Burkhardt at my side. And yet, our joy was still greater. O it is a delightful sensation to deliver others from trouble!

I gave the good people a refuge in our own castle, to secure them from Kunerich's vengeance. Burkhardt was afterwards wounded in battle, and rendered incapable of serving in the army any longer. However, as he was not quite unfit for labour, he refused to be dependant upon the benevolence of others. He discovered a little valley in a remote part of the forest, where he wished to settle. I had a nice house built for him, he cultivated a piece of ground which gives him corn, laid out a portion of the valley into meadows, in which his cows feed, and employs himself with my permission, in charcoal-burning. That part of the country, where he lives, is seldom visited by any human being, and his fresh complexion was soon so covered with charcoal

dust, that it would have been impossible to recognize him. In this manner he hoped to be safe against all Kunerich's inquiries, and indeed he has never since been molested by him." To this story the Knight Edelbert added some more examples of Burkhardt's courage and fidelity, so that the recital lasted till late in the night. Rosa had listened so attentively, that her father's cup had stood empty for some time, and she had even forgotten to lay new fuel on the fire.

Suddenly a dreadful noise was heard in the castle. The arched walls re-echoed with the clanking of arms, and the clamour of fighting men. Several hasty footsteps were heard approaching the room, in which Edelbert and his daughter were sitting. Edelbert sprang up from his seat, and looked around him for his arms; Rosa hastened to bolt the door, but it was burst open by a tremendous blow, and a man in full armour, accompanied by several men servants entered: „Now Edelbert cried he with a voice of thunder, and his eyes flashing with rage, now, is the hour of vengeance come. I am Kunerich whom you have so often offended and displeased. Now you shall suffer for it, he continued, turning to his soldiers, put him in chains, and watch him till our departure. The most frightful dungeon of Fichtenburg shall henceforth

be his dwelling. This fortress is now mine, and I shall choose whatever I like, of armour, clothes, and jewels; after that, you may pillage the castle, whilst I enjoy a jug of old wine. Make haste, we must be gone in three hours."

Rosa fell at the feet of the cruel knight, and implored mercy for her father. The ruffian thrust her from him, and walked out of the room with a haughty step, without paying the least attention to her entreaties. Edelbert was chained, and two soldiers placed upon guard at the door. Kunerich had considered, the moment, when Edelbert was disabled by his wounds, as the most favorable opportunity to wreak his vengeance upon him. He had to this intent waited till Edelbert's bravest soldiers had departed with the duke, and could not defend him. Amongst the small number of servants, who had been left behind as a garrison, there was a cowardly, sordid man, whom Edelbert only kept out of charity. This man had been won over to the enemy by a bribe. The traitor had opened to Kunerich in the night, a little door half hidden by shrubs and pieces of rock, which led into the castle by a subterraneous passage. The other soldiers, not perceiving the entrance of the enemy till too late, were soon overpowered and secured, in spite of their desperate resistance. It was in

this manner that Kunerich was able to enter Edelbert's room suddenly, and make him prisoner even in the midst of his own fortress.

CHAPTER IV.

ROSA IS SEPARATED FROM HER FATHER.

Edelbert sat mournfully by the expiring fire. Rosa, weeping, and lamenting, knelt praying at his side. She wrung her hands, and her rich locks fell dishevelled upon her shoulders. She looked up at her father with tearful eyes; it seemed to her by the glare of the dying embers, as if she only saw his picture in a dream. The whole castle re-echoed, with the wild tumult of the pillaging and revelling enemies. In the room, all was gloomy as a sepulchral vault, which is only lighted by a single dim lamp. From time to time Rosa sighed deeply, and said mournfully: — „to chain the hand which so often delivered the innocent! To chain even the wounded Arm! Do Thou, O God help us — O God do Thou help us!“ then she remained silent, her voice almost choked with sobs. Edelbert at last broke the mournful silence: „Compose yourself my dearest child, said

he; and wipe away your tears. God has sent us this misery. — Let us kiss His hand, even when it chastiseth us. He punishes only for our good. He will guide this severe stroke for our good. We are in the hand of God; nothing can happen to us contrary to, or without His will. Even our enemies are only instruments for our good. Let us trust in God. I believe myself to be better now than formerly. Formerly I trusted too much to the favour of the Emperor, and the kindness of the Duke, but they have now their own affairs to attend to; they can scarcely defend themselves against their own powerful enemies. I placed my confidence formerly upon stone and iron — in walls and locks; now, I confide in God alone. Henceforth He shall be my only kind and true defender, and my strong castle. We must soon part my dearest daughter, he said after a while, putting his left arm round her, because his right was laden with the heavy chain, which gave fresh pain to his old wound.

„Oh! speak not yet of parting, my dearest father,“ exclaimed Rosa, falling upon his bosom, they shall not tear me from your arms. I will go with you to prison and to death.“ No, dear Rosa said her father calmly, Kunerich will not allow you to remain with me; he would not allow me such a consolation. Once more we must part. But listen to

my counsel : On account of your tender age, nobody takes much notice of you : Look to escape from this castle, that you may not be forced to spend your life in servile offices like a slave. One or other of my servants will assist your flight. This castle, and all that is in it, is in the possession of Kunerich, from the daughter of a great knight, you are now become a poor girl ; poorer than the daughter of the meanest soldier among my vassals. — Though you are now driven forth helpless from your paternal mansion, and though you will not receive, of all the rich inheritance and jewels of your mother, the value of a farthing, yet, do not despair. Worldly possessions are not of so much worth, that we need make ourselves miserable at their loss, we can never call them truly our own, you are experiencing even now, how easily they can be taken away from us ; and could we even preserve them for the short period of our lives, death must in the end, certainly rob us of them. There are more precious treasures my dear child, which misfortune and death cannot deprive us of ; in comparison of which, all pearls and precious stones are nothing : — I mean piety, modesty, gentleness, and industry. Such virtues as these, were the chief inheritance, and fairest ornament of your mother. If you retain these ; you are rich enough.

When you have escaped from the castle, find out the good charcoalburner — honest Burkhardt; he and his good wife, will take care of you; with them you can live in retirement, till he can bring you to the castle of one of my friends; and should you be forced to remain years, or even your whole life under his lowly roof, so let it be your consolation, that it is often easier to live, and die happily in a hut, than a castle, and that after all, is the chief thing to be desired. Do not be above rural employments, the rough hand of the industrious man is more worthy of respect than precious stones and pearls on the idle hand. How fortunate is it for you now, that your departed mother accustomed you to work, and did not teach you to seek your happiness in idle finery, delicate food, and noisy merriment. To industrious labour unite constant prayer. We possess bodies and souls. The body must work, the spirit must raise itself to God. Labour obtains bread for the body, prayer nourishes the soul; so keep God in your heart, even though you may be obliged to take the sickle into your hand. Constant contemplation of God, ennobles the meanest work, and turns spinning wheels and sickles into Gold. Above all, preserve your innocence, fly from those whose words make you blush; I can no longer be

a guardian to you, be it therefore to yourself. Think that God can see you everywhere, that he can see your heart. Do nothing wrong; nay, do not even think what is, wrong. Do not disquiet yourself about me, pray for me and leave me to God. — I know certainly, that He will not abandon me, your prayer will not remain unanswered; however hard my fate may be, God can enable me to bear it. Iron doors and bolts do not limit His power. God is everywhere except in the heart of the wicked man: He will be with me in a dungeon. Trust in Him — the only Friend, who never leaves us. God will, I hope, one day free me from my imprisonment; but should even this be the last time that you, my dear daughter, shall see the face of your father, and should I be forced to languish long years in a dungeon, yet, leave me the only consolation which I can have in my misery: — that my Rosa forgets not the admonitions of her father: — that she follows in the footsteps of her pious mother, and is worthy of her parents and pious ancestors. And should my last hour be spent in a gloomy dungeon, should no eye behold me expire, no ear catch my last sigh, no friendly hand close my eyes, so may the consolation remain to me in death, that I leave a good daughter behind me, or rather,

I leave her not behind — she will follow me to heaven. I repeat to you the last words of your departed mother, which would also be my last words to you, if you should be present at my death:— „remain pious, innocent, and good; love God, keep to your Heavenly Redeemer, never do wrong.“ Should you hear that death has for ever broken my chains, think that the last words of your mother were also the last which your father said to you at his departure; Remember these words, and God, who out of unsearchable, but certainly wise and loving intentions, took away your mother, and now takes away your father, will unite us all in heaven. And see, I have to day hung the gold medal on the chain, which I formerly received from the Emperor. I hid it under my clothes, when our enemies came to the door. Oh! I cannot look at it without pain; — How uncertain is all earthly happiness! Formerly the Emperor honoured me with this chain, now I must wear iron chains like a criminal. Take this gold ornament in remembrance of me: Do not sell it even in the greatest need. It can be of great service to you when I am dead: It will perhaps one day enable you to prove, that you are descended from the celebrated family of the nobles of Tannenburg. The beautiful emblems, and the consoling words

on the gold medal, are worth more than the Gold of which it is made. See, on one side is „the Eye of God surrounded by rays, with the Motto If God is for us, who can be against us.“ Let it remind you that God’s eye sees us everywhere and watches over us always, that those, who do all as in the presence of God, and keep themselves pure from sin, have nothing to fear. On the other side, the Cross surrounded by Glory, with the words, —„In this sign we conquer,“ will remind you always of the love of Him, who died for you on the cross. We have all to combat and to suffer in this world, but by faith in the crucified saviour, by true obedience to His holy commandments, by trust in His Almighty Grace, by hope in His promises, we can conquer all that is bad, and support all trials joyfully. God has now allowed a great sorrow to come upon us, yet what is this sorrow in comparison with those through which our Redeemer entered into Glory? Of His Glory shall we be partakers, if we happily conclude our earthly warfare, and persevere patiently to the end. And now kneel down my dearest daughter that I may bless you.

Rosa weeping knelt down; she folded her hands and bowed her beautiful countenance full of devotion, and sorrow. Her father laid his chained hand

upon her head, and said : God Almighty bless thee, and the Grace of our Lord and Saviour be with thee evermore." Rosa was drowned in tears ; her father pressed her once more in his arms, and said, 'at the same time bursting into tears, „I shall never forget thee, and will ever pray for thee in my dungeon. Promise me never to forget my fatherly admonitions, but to follow them truly and to pray for me." Oh! said Rosa sobbing, I will joyfully do all that you have desired, except one thing, — I cannot, — cannot — leave you. Oh! do not desire me to fly, Perhaps my entreaties may move this hard-hearted knight so far as to allow me to follow you in your imprisonment, and attend upon you in your dungeon." A fresh noise was now heard in the castle. The victorious knight was giving orders to his people for their departure, leaving some behind in the castle as a garrison.

Armed men crowded into Edelbert's room, Rosa kept, close to her father, and begged them to take her with her father to prison; but she was torn forcibly from his arms. Edelbert was led down into the castle yard, which was lighted by many burning torches; the castle gates stood wide open, Kunerich's attendants having opened them. A crowd of his soldiers on horseback, one of whom, led a horse without a rider, had entered : Kunerich's war horse, orna-

mented with a sparkling bridle and purple trappings, was also there. The noble, far-famed Edelbert, was seated in a wretched cart. Two large waggons, which belonged to Edelbert, stood there loaded with the plunder. Edelbert was obliged to look on, while his carriage horses were led out of their stalls, and harnessed to the waggons. The good man, whose wound was not yet healed, shivered with wet and cold in the wretched open cart, even before they set out. At last Kunerich came into the yard and sprang upon his horse. The cart was surrounded by guards; joking and with wild tumult, they hastened out of the gates over the thundering drawbridge. They descended the steep hill slowly, and Rosa overtook the train. Kunerich rode near the cart in which her father was seated, weeping and imploring, she pressed between Kunerich's horse and the cart, and besought with clasped hands, to be allowed to seat herself beside her father; but Kunerich pretended not to hear her, and looked scornfully about him, with his left hand placed by his side, and his naked sword in his right hand. At the foot of the hill he cried, „now all forward! All put spurs to their steeds. The drivers flogged their horses, and in wild haste they galloped onward. Rosa ran after them through storm and rain, till her strength was quite exhaust-

ed, and the train at last disappeared from her eyes in the darkness of the forest.

CHAPTER V.

ROSA TAKES REFUGE WITH THE POOR CHARCOAL BURNER.

Rosa, who had seldom before left the castle, and had never done so alone, now found herself in dark night in the open fields, alone in the midst of rain and storm. It was in vain that she sought for a dry spot, where she might sit down and await the approach of day. At length she reached a little copse of young firs, which afforded her some shelter from the rain and storm. She was not afraid of sleeping there alone. Her sorrow did not allow her much time to reflect upon the terrors of the night. She thought of nothing but her father, and prayed and wept as if her heart would break.

When the morning began to dawn, she crept out of the wood, and looked around her. She saw the tower of her father's castle enlightened by the morning rays, and she again burst into tears.

„How I should like, said she, to see our paternal dwelling once more! perhaps I might find there a faithful servant of my father's who would take pity upon me, and lead me to the dwelling of Burkhardt. But the house, in which I was born and brought up, is now closed for ever against me. I had scarcely left the castle before the drawbridge was drawn up. My father's paternal castle is now to me that of an enemy.“

She passed sorrowfully by the hill, and entered the forest in which the honest Charcoal-burner lived. — She only knew the country by her father's description: In the midst of the forest stood two hills covered with dark firs. The Charcoal-burner's house lay between them. They were about two miles distant. Rosa kept her eye fixed upon the summit of these hills, and tried to find her way, exactly between them; but no road was to be found. At one time, she was forced to work her way through shrubs and bushes, then, to avoid a marsh, and again, to venture through a rivulet. The forest grew thicker and thicker as she proceeded, which prevented her from seeing the hills. It was already past noon, and still no hill was to be seen; she travelled on, when suddenly, a few steps from her, she heard a noise in the bushes. A large stag, with his towering antlers started up, and gazed at her with his large black

eyes, then turned round, and making a way through the bushes, disappeared. She continued her way without stopping. Now she was startled by the roar of a wild boar. Rosa looked up: the monstrous animal, who was rolling himself in a marsh, stood up, stared at her with his little eyes, and threatened her with his dreadful tusks. Rosa hastily took flight, and ran on as fast as she could, till almost breathless. Thick shrubs at length stopped her, and she sat down fatigued beneath a tree, intending to climb up into its branches, if the boar pursued her. She listened attentively, but all remained tranquil and silent. But now she had lost her way; she was perfectly uncertain, as to which road she ought to take, and the sun was already setting. Alas! sighed poor Rosa, „I shall be obliged to remain this night in the dreadful forest amongst the wild beasts.“ Hunger, which till now, sorrow for her father's fate had made her forget, began to torment her to such a degree, that she feared starvation. Almost exhausted with hunger and fatigue she again arose, and reached a small rising ground in the forest, from whence she could look around her. The setting sun was half hidden by black clouds; and the whole country veiled by a dark blue mist. Rosa knelt down and prayed: „Good God, Thou

Thyself hast said: „Call upon Me in need and I and will save thee, and thou shalt praise Me.“ Let Thy word be now fulfilled towards me. „While she was still praying the sun broke through the clouds, and gilded with his bright rays a column of smoke, which was rising at some distance from the wood. „Oh God! cried Rosa joyfully:— Do Thou receive my thanks. Thou hast fulfilled Thy promise to me. — Thou hast saved me. Yonder is the good Burkhardt burning his charcoal; for beside him, there is no inhabitant in this forest.“ She collected the remains of her strength, and hastened forward to the spot whence the smoke arose.

What Rosa thought was true. Burkhardt had erected his kilns there, and the wood around was already much cleared. He was sitting upon the trunk of a tree near the heaps of burning charcoal. The stump of the trunk, upon which he had fixed a little four cornered board, served him as a rustic table, upon which his supper,—bread, butter, and a jug of water, was placed. His axe, and his shovel lay near him on the grass. He was watching the setting of the sun, and singing with his powerful voice his evening song very devoutly, and so loud, that it was re-echoed by the forest around. Rosa heard his voice with joy, and hastened still more. As the good Burkhardt perceived Rosa

at a distance, without recognizing her, he wondered how in the world such a delicate young lady came to be in the wood. But his surprise encreased, when he perceived who it was. He sprang up, and saluted her with a hearty welcome while she was still at a distance, and hastened to meet her. He shook hands with her after the old German fashion and then begged her pardon very courteously, for having made her delicate white hands, so black and dusty. He expressed his astonishment at seeing her in this place. „Good God! said he, can it really be you Miss.“ How in the name of heaven, do you come here alone in this manner, and late in the evening, surely you have lost your way? „Well, said he cheerfully, you come just at the right time, I keep open table here this evening, among the firs, and pines, oaks and birches, and it is just supper time; come and sit by me on my new wooden sofa, and rest and refresh yourself a little, for you must return home to night: there is no help for it, if you did not, your father would not close his eyes all night, as sure as I am called Burkhardt! —

Ah, my father! began Rosa, but her sobs almost prevented her from pronouncing another word. Have you then not yet heard the terrible story? Your father, the noble knight! cried the terrified Charcoal-burner, and had his face not

been so black with dust he would certainly have turned pale. Oh! dearest Miss Rose, he continued,— speak! for the love of God speak! What is the matter? what has happened to him? „Alas! said Rosa, Kunerich took him prisoner last night and has carried him off in chains to Fichtenburg.“

„He, cried the Charcoal-burner, grasping his shovel, He shall... yet — and he flung the shovel upon the ground — I will not curse him, but if the brutal Kunerich has him in his power, it can not go well with him. But tell me how that happened, I cannot the least understand how it was possible. I parted from your father only yesterday evening, and then every thing was peaceful and quiet. How could Kunerich take such an inaccessible castle in one night?“ Rosa seated herself on a bank near the good man, and began to tell her story, but the good Burkhardt soon perceived that she could scarcely speak from hunger and exhaustion. He gave her, with the greatest kindness, the bread and butter, which was prepared for himself, so she ate, and drank from time to time, of the clear spring water in the jug.

The burning charcoal afforded light for the little frugal meal. Rosa meanwhile, declared that she had never enjoyed any food so much in her life. „Yes, said the Charcoal burner,“ Hunger is

an excellent sauce; „but we poor people get it gratis. Our Good God makes us all a like.“ After Rosa had refreshed herself, and thanked God for His goodness, she finished her relation of what had happened to her father. Burkhardt listened with open mouth continually abused the wicked Kunerich, grieved for his good, dear master, and afterwards passed his hand over his eyes to hide a tear. But when he heard that Knight Edelbert had directed the young Lady to him, he was so much affected by this mark of confidence, that he could no longer refrain from tears, and began to sob aloud.“ Well-my dearest young lady, said he, God will not suffer such a good gentleman, to be forsaken; God will certainly help him out of that wolf's den that accursed Fichtenburg. God leads into the dungeon and leads out again. Let God be the guide and all will go well. But as to you, my dearest young Lady, look at those burning charcoal heaps! if you spoke the word I would spring in instantly. For you and your father I would go through fire. But you require rest above every thing else. My thouse is too far distant for you: but I have here a little hut, such as charcoal-burners build, and here is just room enough in it for one person. Do you see it in the red glare of the fires, under those three birch trees yonder? The hut consisted of sever-

al posts driven into the ground, the interstices being filled up with boughs of pines, and covered with thick turf. „The four walls, said Burkhardt laughing, are indeed left out; the hut is nothing but a roof, but so thick and firm that no drop of rain can penetrate it. The bed, which, it contains, is of the finest, driest moss. A good covering of matting, which I wove myself, serves at once for bed-curtains and house-door. But I assure you when one has a good conscience, as you have, and is tired, one can sleep there, as well as on the softest down, under a golden canopy with purple hangings.“

He led the young lady in to the hut, and than sat himself down not far from his charcoal fires, under some thick pines, where he had made a comfortable seat of turf. He thought over Rosa's story the whole night: What grieved him the most was the thought, that the help, which Edelbert afforded him against Kunerich, was, at least in part, the cause of the noble Knight's imprisonment. He scratched a hundred times behind his ears, and pushed his dirty cap on, and off a hundred times. At last, he took it quite off, held it in his folded hands, and prayed fervently, that God would deliver the noble Knight, and console the good young Lady. He thought not of sleep. Rosa, meanwhile, had

mediately fallen asleep, and slumbered quietly till the morning, although untill daybreak fearful, stormy winds howled through the rocking pines, and through the whole wood several times rushed a torrent of rain.

CHAPTER VI.

ROSA IN THE HUT.

Towards morning the wind ceased. The clouds had dispersed, every thing was silent and the tops of the trees shone like the purest gold. The charcoal burner listened from time to time if she did not stir: Several times he fancied that she was awake, and was always pleased when he found that it was not the case. „How I rejoice in this sleep for her sake, said he. Oh what a great blessing is sleep! it makes us forget all our sorrows. It relieves us for a time of the burden which we are forced to bear and gives us new strength, to take it upon us again. „Good God“ continued he with emotion and took off his cap, be thou

praised for the blessing of sleep. So I suppose it must be with his brother, that long sleep beneath the green carpet of the meadow. Yes, this far deeper sleep is indeed a still greater benefit; it frees us for ever from sorrow and is followed, when we have accomplished our day's labour well, by the most joyful awakening.

After a time Agnes, the daughter of the Charcoal-burner came, a very cheerful, good natured girl, she carried a basket on her arm, in which were placed breakfast, dinner, and supper for her father. She instantly perceived, that some thing had happened to her father, that he had been weeping, and that he had some secret grief. She asked him what was the matter with him? he made her a sign to be quiet, that she might not wake the young Lady, led her to the turf seat under the pines, and related to her the story of Edelbert, which caused the tears to flow, down the good girl's cheeks. Meanwhile Rosa awoke; the morning sun shone into her eyes through a little opening in the hut, which the charcoal burner had left, that he might see his charcoal heaps, and its brilliant rays awoke her. After she had called to mind, where she was, she began to weep again, and came out of the hut with tears on her lovely cheeks. The char-

coalburner and his daughter, rose from the turf seat and hastened to meet her. „Oh not so my dearest young Lady!“ said Burkhardt, do not greet this lovely morning with tears. See, how bright and beautiful the sky is after the stormy night. How brightly the drops glitter, on the young pine branches, and the twigs of elder, and how warmly and cheerfully the sun shines: and in like manner will the storm also pass away which is now hanging over you and your father. Sunshine follows storm so joy follows sorrow. Trust in God! from whom sunshine and rain, joy and sorrow come.

Rosa and Agnes saluted each other in the most friendly manner, having been old acquaintances in their childhood. It was long since they had seen each other, each wondered to see her friend so much grown. Agnes opened her basket, took out an earthen bottle, poured sweet milk into a clean earthen bowl and placed it upon the rustic table. Then she produced from her basket fresh butter and substantial bread, and invited the young Lady to breakfast. Rosa sat down on the trunk of the tree, broke some bread into the milk, which she ate with a curiously carved wooden spoon, and then ate also a piece of bread and butter.

As soon as Rosa had finished, and had thanked

God, and the charcoal-burner, the honest man said: „Now my dear young Lady, go with my Agnes to my cottage and remain there, till it shall please God, to give you farther assistance. I will mean while consider, whether I cannot, with the help of God do something for you. May God be with you. As soon as my charcoal heaps permit me, I will follow you. Meanwhile do not be so sorrowful and do not weep so much. Sorrow cannot help you, and weeping can also do you no good. Listen how the little birds in the trees around are singing their morning song. The good God cares for all his creatures, therefore they are so joyful. For you, my dear young Lady, and for your father, he cares much more than for them. Therefore you ought also to be joyful, and to take comfort. You Agnes give your hand to the young lady, on the steep mountain paths, that she may not fall, and salute your mother from me. So now go together, and may God conduct you.

Rosa and Agnes set off on their journey, through the wild and almost impassable forest, by which the charcoal kilns were surrounded. First, they were obliged to pass through a forest of dark tall pines, in which there was no regular path; than they came to immense rocks, covered with moss

and bushes, between which a narrow path ascended. They were obliged to climb for a long time, till the narrow footpath led them along a high wall of rock, where they passed precipices, whence they could see the tops of the tallest pines, far below them. Then, they came to a dark glen, whence they were obliged again, to mount a steep ascent. Rosa looked up, with fear, to the lofty, wooded heights which hung threatening over her head, and prevented her catching more than a glimpse of the clean blue sky. „Oh Agnes, said she; whither are you leading me? I am afraid we shall find no road and shall perhaps come into a still worse wilderness.“

Just as she had said this, she saw an opening in the rocks on one side, and a little valley, which resembled a flourishing garden lay before her, in the bright sunshine. „O how beautiful!“ cried Rosa; „it seems to me as if we were passing out of the wilderness into the promised Land. Her heart grew lighter, a joyful hope arose in her mind, that God perhaps might in the same way, grant a joyful deliverance from her sorrowful fate, and lead her to happiness, though by stony paths. Below, — in the gently sloping valley, stood Burkhardt's house, with a flat, far projecting roof. The house was entirely

built of wood, and the brown colour was not disagreeable to the eye; dark green pines arose behind the house. Young fruit trees with white and red blossoms surrounded it, a little brook clear as cristal murmured by. The whole valley glowed with fresh green, and flowers of all colours. The high rocks and trees which surrounded it, defended it so well from the wind, that spring always began earlier here. In the pastures below, some cows were grazing, and goats were climbing the bushy sides of the rocks; a little, well cultivated garden with a hedge formed of pine branches, flourished near the house. A stand of beehives was placed in the corner of the garden, the bees hummed joyfully about and gathered in their winter store: some hens were skatching on the sand before the house door. Rosa entered the dwelling room and sat down wearied, on the wooden bench. The room was exceedingly clean and there was a beautiful view of the valley through the small clear windows.

It was already noon, the charcoal-burner's wife was busy in the kitchen, but when she heard her daughter speaking with some one, she came quickly to the door, and saluted the young lady with indescribable delight; she believed at first that Rosa was come to pay her a

friendly visit, but when she understood how the things stood, she burst into tears. She soon however composed herself again, and comforted Rosa in the kindest manner. „Dearest Miss“ said she, you are heartily welcome in our little valley, and our poor hut. See, this little hut which your father has built for us, has thus been unintentionally built for yourself. It now belongs to you, make yourself quite at home in it, till God shall lead you and your father back to your castle, which he will certainly soon do. Meanwhile we will strive to live only for your service.—

Rosa, much affected, said: „o my God, how happy is it for us, when we in our misfortunes meet with true friends. How shall I thank you for your kindness! What a good thing it is for me, that my father was always kind to you.“ The good woman had now on a sudden, another uneasiness which, at least in her opinion, was by no means a small one, and which made her for the time forget Rosa's affliction. „Ah said she!“ I have so dear and excellent, and distinguished a visitor and know not what I can set before her. We have nothing to day to eat, but oatmeal pudding, which is so substantial that one might dance upon it. I do not know what to do. If

it were only not already dinner time. Agnes, you must amuse the young lady for a time, I will go into the kitchen, and see what I can make out of meal, eggs, milk and butter. Rosa tried in vain to quiet her. The anxious housewife went into the kitchen, and brought up in about half an hour, a repast which though frugal was extremely well cooked. She began to excuse herself over and over again. We have no beer or wine said she, and to set nothing, but water before a noble young Lady, is not good manners. I am in despair, to-day, is the first time in my life, that I have felt poverty to be a real trouble.

„O my dear Gertrude said Rosa, you know not how rich and happy you are in your poverty. I will not now speak of your food, which makes you all fresh and rosy, healthy and strong, and which I also enjoy very much. But you have some thing better than rare dishes, and costly drinks, a still and quite life. O how pleasant to me is the quiet and repose of your peaceful valley. How noisy was it on the contrary in our castle, how was my father, through all his sufferings, annoyed by all kinds of business. How often was he rendered unhappy, by the quarrels of other men, how often distressed, by gloomy news of the war, and how terrible was the last

surprise of the enemy. O be happy and thank God for this cheerful, resting place, in which, instead of the noise of the world, and the tumult of war, you hear nothing but the singing of the wood birds, the crowing of the cocks, the bells of your cows and goats. I would willingly stay here all my life, if I only had my father with me.

CHAPTER VII.

ROSA AS THE CHARCOAL-BURNER'S CHILD.

It was now several days, since the honest Burkhardt had been seen or heard of. The last time his daughter took him his food into the wood, he had told her, that he was going to take his charcoal into the town, that she was to bring him no farther supplies, and that he hoped soon himself to be at home. The whole family were becoming very anxious about him, when one evening he suddenly entered the dwelling room, bearing a deer upon his shoulders, and in his hand were bow and arrows, for at that time fire

arms were still unknown. He laid his burden upon the ground, and warmly saluted the young Lady and his family, who were all rejoiced to see him.

Have you sold your coals well, dear Burkhardt, said his wife? What coals cried Burkhardt? I should not concern myself about them, but I wish my bright hopes had not so cruelly deceived me. I have in the mean time made many inquiries of which I wished to keep you ignorant. I went to the knights, whom the father of our dear young Lady formerly helped out of great difficulties. I tried to induce them to besiege Kunerich's castle, and to free our good master by force of arms, or at least to surprise Kunerich in the chase, to take him prisoner, and confine him in the deepest dungeon, till he should set Edelbert at liberty, and restore all his stolen property. But all my entreaties were in vain. They said Kunerich was too powerful, the undertaking too dangerous, things might end badly, it must be put off till Edelbert's other friends should return from the wars, and then, they would make some attempt perhaps. After you my dear young lady, these weak cowards did not once inquire. I could have wept tears of blood over this ingratitude. I could not make myself tell them, that you were with me, I could

not even ask one of them, to receive you into his castle. You would do much better to remain with us. But you can still consider the matter.

There is no occasion for consideration said Rosa. I would rather a hundred times stay with you, if you would be so kind as to keep me. „Keep you!“ cried the charcoal-burner with tears in his eyes. „Do you think that we have forgotten, how your noble-hearted father saved me from the hands of that dreadful Kunerich or how kindly he took my wife and child into his castle. Our house and all that we have, we have received from him we should be the most ungrateful beings in the world, if we could forget such kindness as that. No, no, we are not so thankless as that, remain with us, excellent young Lady, I will be a father to you, my Gertrud and Agnes will be entirely at your service. We will do every thing in our power, to make this solitary retreat agreeable to you. Believe me, when I say, we shall find our greatest happiness in being able to do good to so excellent a young Lady, the daughter of our benefactor and master. He took the deer, which was still lying at his feet, again upon his shoulders and said. „You have been obliged to live upon poor food, for some days, my good young Lady; the fresh liver

of the deer will be an excellent supper for you all. I will prepare it for you myself, I have often done it, when I have been out hunting, with your father. And after he had said this, he carried the deer into the kitchen.

The next morning he made many alterations in his house, in order to lodge Rosa more comfortably, he fitted up for her the best room in the house, and furnished it as well as he possibly could. „Now Miss, said he, when he had concluded his work,“ you have at least a roof over your head, and you shall not want food. All the game in the surrounding forests belongs to your father, I will kill for you, hares and deer, wild ducks and snipes, yes, if you like, I will bring you in stags and wild boars. He then led Rosa down into the valley, and Gertrud and Agnes followed joyfully. He showed her his fields and meadows, and courteously praised the generosity of her benevolent father. He led her into his garden, and as Rosa showed great fondness for bees, he presented her with his finest hive. And since the bees had now got over the winter, he took from them, for the young lady, some of the pure, white honey-comb, in the six-sided cells of which, the honey sparkled like transparent gold. He never came back from his charcoal heaps,

without bringing her something with him, sometimes a dish, formed from the bark of pines, full of fragrant strawberries, sometimes a basket full of large crabs, sometimes a dish of mushrooms. He caught a pair of turtle doves for her, and with much trouble made the cage for them himself. Once, he brought with him a pretty little roe out of the woods, which followed him like a dog, he had tamed it for Rosa, and it soon accustomed itself to her. When he happened to be at home for a few days, he always knew how to amuse her; he told her of the noble deeds of her father, and of the piety and benevolence of her late mother, much which Rosa had never heard before. The stories of the faithful old servant, were always as instructive, as amusing to her. The good housewife was not behind her husband in kindness. As she had heard with sorrow, that Rosa had lost all her linen, she occupied herself with motherly care, to provide her again with some as soon as possible. She took linen out of her chest, and cut out some chemises for Rosa; she gave her cotton to knit stockings, and only lamented, that these things were not fine enough for the young Lady. The industrious woman had, during the winter, spun

yarn for a small piece of very fine linen, and as soon as it came from the weaver, she presented it to the young Lady, and it was immediately spread upon the green turf near the brook. These presents were doubly precious to Rosa, because they were so necessary for her, and also supplied her with means of useful employment. Agnes also, was a very kind and agreeable companion for Rosa; they amused themselves, and worked together, Rosa having taught Agnes to knit and sew. They watered together the linen on the little bleaching ground very diligently; they took care of the garden near the house, in which Rosa had much pleasure, although there was little to be seen in it, except the most useful vegetables; cabbages and salad, leaks and onions, radishes and turnips, peas and beans, and as an ornament, a few golden marigolds, scarlet beans, blue convolvulies and here and there a purple poppy. They walked together beside the clear brook in the flowery valley and in the noble forest; they watched the fish sporting in the clear water, and threw crumbs to them, from the rustic little bridge. They listened to the singing of numerous birds, of which Agnes knew all the names, they gathered berries and collected many species of herbs, in which Rosa took a particular delight. But she could

never feel quite gay; the fate of her father always weighed upon her mind. Often no one knew where she was; and after a long search, she would be found in one of the deepest shades of the forest, or in the hollow of some rock, where she was praying for her father, with bitter tears. Her grief increased daily. She was only happy when she was forming projects, for alleviating the distress of the noble prisoner, or restoring him again to liberty.

One sunday, at dinner, the rescue of the knight formed as usual, the sole subject of their conversation. The frugal repast was soon over, and there only remained upon the table, a dish of fine mushrooms dressed with butter and carroway seed. The charcoal burner, who well knew how to distinguish the wholesome mushrooms from the poisonous fungus, had gathered them carefully for Rosa, because she was very fond of them. „Eat, my young Lady,“ cried he: „we do not care much about them. But the great people think them something very delicious. I used formerly to carry them in large quantities to your castle, especialy this kind, which flourishes nowhere so well as upon charcoal heaps. Another charcoal burner, who lives yonder in the forests of Fichtenburgh, used formerly to send a great quantity of them to Fichtenburgh: One of his

daughters was taken as a servant in the porters family. But the wife of the porter, who is said to be a complete fury, sent the girl away some days ago, and now my sooty fellow charcoal burner, who is himself rather hot headed, has vowed never to send any more mushrooms there, even if the people were to come out upon their heads, and beg him to do so Rosa, who had all the while listened thoughtful, now started up from the table with an exclamation of joy, and cried: „I have it; that will do.“ I will disguise myself as a peasant girl, carry mushrooms to the castle, try to gain the good will of the porter's wife, get into her service, and succeed in seeing my father, in lightening his trials, and perhaps in delivering him from his prison. O God said she, looking up to heaven and clasping her hands; bless my project! The charcoal-burner shook his head and said, humph! humph! and made all kinds of objections. Rosa combatted them all, and he was obliged to give way. She ran out of the room, and returned in a few minutes, dressed as a peasant girl. She had changed her long light blue gown for one of Agnes's dresses, which was very neat and clean. The red corset, the black jacket, the green petticoat, with the snow white collar, and apron, fitted her exactly, and the country straw hat became her exceedingly well. The char-

coal-burner's wife and Agnes were highly delighted, to see their young lady dressed like themselves; they clapped their hands for joy, and were much more familiar with her, than they had been before. „The dress becomes you beautifully,“ said Gertrude, but your sweet face, which is like roses and lilies, and your delicate white hands, do not agree with it. People will soon see, that you are no peasant girl, but a noble Lady. Burkhardt knew of a harmless dye, which gave to the hands and face a light brown colour, and could be easily rubbed of again. He tried it immediately and Gertrude cried: „that will do famously; nobody will recognize you now.“ The next day Rosa wished to set out directly for Fichtenburg; she was afraid another girl might obtain the situation before her. Well! then undertake it in God's name, said Burkhardt: „I will gather the finest mushrooms for you this very evening, and some strings of them, which I have dried, are hanging in the room above. Agnes must accompany you to the end of the forest, to the little hill, where the three stone crosses stand, from whence you can see Fichtenburg, and cannot well miss your way. She shall wait at the foot of the three crosses till your return.“

Early the following morning Rosa was equipped for her journey. She took the basket of

mushrooms upon her arm, and Agnes carried another, filled with provisions. The charcoal-burner and his wife blessed Rosa before her departure, and gave her many wise admonitions. They gazed after her with tears in their eyes: „Dear dutiful child, said Gertrude, she must succeed; or else the promise, contained in the fourth command, must have lost its truth.“

CHAPTER VIII.

ROSA SEEKS SERVICE IN THE CASTLE OF HER ENEMY.

Rosa, in her peasant dress, and accompanied by Agnes, easily reached the end of the forest, in which she had till now lived secluded from the world. Her heart failed her, when she perceived the castle of Fichtenburg with its high towers: „Oh God,“ said she, perhaps my father lies in one of the deepest dungeons of that castle. — Oh! that I knew whether he is well. — May not distress, and the close air of the dungeon already have put an end to his life? — Oh, is he still alive? oh, if I might but see him once more! O God, do Thou

guide my steps, and let me find favour in the eyes of the people, to whom I am now going." Rosa took leave of Agnes, and continued her way alone. After having ascended the steep hill, and entered the gate of the castle, she perceived Kunerich on horseback, richly dressed in green and gold, with a beautiful plume of white and black ostrich feathers upon his head. He was surrounded by several pages and huntsmen, all on horseback, and was on the point of setting out for the chase. Rosa's strength almost failed her, at the sight of her father's cruel enemy; and she was forced to sit down upon a stone bench near the gate, otherwise she must have fainted. Suddenly the bugles sounded, and the train passed close by her. Rosa arose, to pay her obeisance to the Knight, but the haughty man, scarcely noticed the poor trembling girl, and rode forward with his servants.

Rosa seated herself again upon the bench. Her heart was heavy and sad, and she supposed it best to wait until some one should speak to her. After some time two children appeared, and stood at a little distance, staring at her. Rosa spoke to them kindly, and asked them their names. They told her them, and soon became more familiar with her. Othmar, the little boy, opened the basket which stood beside her, and peeped in to see what

it contained. Bertha, which was the name of the little girl, stretched out her hand, for the blue and red wild flowers, which Rosa had fastened in her straw hat. Rosa gave the flowers to the little girl, and presented them both with some pears, which Gertrude had put into her basket, to eat on the road. The three conversed together, as if they had been one family. The children belonged to the porter, who happened at that moment to be looking out of a little window, which had been made in the guard room, for the purpose of watching the entrance of the castle, and was much interested, by the kindness of the stranger's manner towards his children. The clear pronunciation, the sweet voice, the noble demeanour of the amiable peasant girl, in her neat, pretty dress surprised him. „Never in all my life“ said he, „have I seen such a nice, well behaved peasant girl.“ He came out to them, and led Rosa into the room. „What have you there to sel,“ he asked kindly. Rosa opened her basket and showed the mushrooms. The man asked the price of them. „Whatever you choose to give me, said Rosa; for I think you will not cheat a poor girl.“ „That is a good answer,“ said the man. „Wait here, I will carry the mushrooms into the kitchen of the castle, and make a bargain for you myself.

It is a long time since they have seen any; I believe you will be well paid for them;" with these words, he took up the basket and left her.

The porter's wife soon after entered the room, carrying the soup for dinner. „How came you here, you impertinent creature," said she to Rosa? Who are you? — what do you want? — How dare you enter this room, — a stranger and without permission? March off directly! or I will throw the dish at your head, and have the great watch dog set upon you.

The children begged pardon for Rosa, and showed their mother the flowers, and the fruit which they had received from her. At the same moment the porter returned with the empty basket and the money. „Come, come, do not be so hasty said he to his wife. She is a good girl, I was just thinking, whether she would not suit you, as we happen to want a new maid. But if you are always so passionate, nobody will stay with you. I myself brought the child into the room!

„That's a different thing," said the woman, „if that's the case, then she may stay. You must not be offended young girl, that I was angry; we earn our bread, by keeping a strict look out upon all strangers." „You are quite right," replied Rosa, „you could not know, that I had been desired to stay here. It was my fault too, that I remain

ed alone in a stranger's room. I must therefore praise your caution, and beg your pardon."

This speech pleased the porter's wife, who was always content, if she could but have her own way. „As you have divid ed your fruit between my children," said she, „you shall also have a share of their dinner. Come! sit down at the table and dine with us." Rosa accepted the invitation. The two children gave her so much trouble, that she could scarcely eat a spoonful of soup; nevertheless she spoke to them with her peculiar kindness, answered all their questions, and was so gentle towards them, that their mother was quite delighted.

When Rosa took up her basket, and was going to depart, both the children cried, „stay here!" „Yes!" I should be very glad too, if you could stay, added the mother; would you not like to serve in my family? „With all my heart," answered Rosa; and I would certainly serve you truly and honestly! „Well! then," returned the porter's wife, „go home, and consult first with your parents! If they have no objection, you can begin your service next saturday." She then told her the amount of wages, which she generally gave, put some white bread, and smoked meat into her basket, and said, „Greet your parents from me, and may you get home safely! Rosa thanked her for her

present, and joyfully hastened to rejoin Agnes, who sat waiting with her knitting, not far from the three crosses, under a hazel tree. She started up, as soon as she perceived Rosa, and ran to meet her, saying. „Thank God! dearest Miss that you are back again. You must be tired and hungry, come and sit down under this tree where my basket stands, and refresh yourself with the bread and butter, and milk and tell me all that has happened.“

Rosa seated herself, and Agnes took the bread and butter, and bottle of milk, out of the basket. „Oh, my dear Agnes, said Rosa, I see you have waited dinner till I came; you have not tasted any thing mean while, but you must eat now, for I have already dined; however, I will sit down beside you for a few minutes; but let us make haste; we must not expose ourselves to the dangers of the night. I can tell you all, as we walk on, and eat a piece of bread and butter too. „Well, so can I,“ said Agnes, and both of them immediately began their journey homewards. In the midst of the forest, when the sun was already setting, they were met by the faithful Charcoal-burner and his wife who had become anxious about them. The good people were very glad, when they heard the result of the journey: although they felt grieved at the approaching de-

parture of the young Lady. They beguiled the rest of their way with friendly chat, and when they arrived in the little valley, the moon had just risen in the east, and shone brightly upon the peaceful cottage. Rosa sought her chamber, fatigued, but yet with a joyful heart; before she retired to rest, she thanked God upon her knees, that He had crowned the commencement of her undertaking with success, and implored Him to conduct it to a happy conclusion.

CHAPTER IX.

ROSA AS A SERVANT GIRL.

The following saturday, being the day fixed upon for Rosa's departure, was one of mourning to all the inmates of the cottage. It gave her infinite grief, to leave those excellent people, who loved her so sincerely, and the little tranquil valley in which she had lived so peaceably, and to take up her abode in the castle of her enemy, of whom she could think only with terror. She knew, too well, that many trials awaited her in her new service, but she encountered all these hardships for her father's sake, trusting in the merey of the Almighty.

The honest Burkhardt, and his faithful Gertrude, accompanied her to the boundary of the forest, and took leave of her with tears and blessings. Agnes went with her to the castle, and the porter's wife received them both very kindly. „I am glad you have kept your word," said she, to Rosa, „sit down and I will bring you both something good to eat." Rosa opened the basket upon her arm, and gave her new mistress some pieces of fine flax, as a present from her relations. This made her still kinder. „You and your family know good manners," she replied, „we shall get on very well together." Rosa had brought pears and flowers, nuts and dried blackberries for the children, which gave them great pleasure. Every one was pleased. After dinner Agnes, weeping bitterly, took leave of Rosa. Well now, said the porter's wife, do not cry so, you may very often come and see us; I shall be very glad to see you, and if you will bring some mushrooms with you, I shall be still more pleased, and you shall be well paid for the journey into the bargain." Agnes promised to come soon, and left the room sobbing aloud.

It seemed to poor Rosa, separated as she was from all her friends, and within the walls of an enemy's castle, as if she was quite deserted in the world. After Agnes had left them, the porter's wife

sat herself down in a large elbow chair, which stood by the stove, put on a somewhat consequential air, and said, pointing with her finger to the ground „Rosa come, and stand here before me, I have something to say to you: be very attentive.“

„I know well, that people say, nobody can live with me: „because I am so passionate and irritable, and have had about twenty servants within the last five years. This is the common saying in the whole neighbourhood. But nobody enquires what faults those servants had. I must describe their characters. And now she began very fluently, and with great warmth the description of all her servants.

„The first“ said she, Brigitta — but I will not hurt their reputation, by telling you their names. — I will only tell you their faults, as a warning to yourself — well — Brigitta, who vexed me the most, was proud and haughty, always knew every thing better, than other people, and never was at hand when she was wanted. One day, she burnt a pancake as black, as if she had learnt the art from a charcoal-burner, and yet, she had the impudence to declare to my face, that the cake was fine and yellow as gold, and not one in the world could taste better.

This was more than I could bear, and I sent her away. The next was always dissatisfied, dis-

contented, cross, and ill-tempered. Her face looked as if she were chewing garlic, and she was always finding some fault with her food. She complained always of the hardness of her place, and the smallness of her wages. At last I grew tired of it, and said: well Urschel, seek another service, where you can get more wages, and less work."

„The third was idleness itself. I thought I should never have lived, to see her finish any work, I set her to perform. Moss might have grown upon a pot while she was scouring it, she was too indolent to bend her body. When she had swept the room, she threw down the broom before the door, and walked over it, at least ten times, until I put it into a corner myself. I was obliged to wake her every morning and to call a hundred times; „get up you idle Kitty!“ It wanted the archangel with his trumpet to wake her. I believe if I had let her sleep, as long as she liked, she would be asleep still. Who could possibly put up with such a slothful creature? I told her she might go away and if she was too idle to walk, I would have her carried away upon a wheel-barrow.

„The fourth was greedy: Cream, butter, meat, and bacon were not safer with her, than with my cat. I went out, one sunday afternoon to meet my husband, who had gone into the country, to a

neighbouring village. On the road thither, I happened to look back, and saw smoke ascending from my chimney. I returned directly and what should I see upon entering the kitchen, but my fine Margaret sitting upon the hearth, with a large dish full of apple fritters before her. Goodness! how angry I was: I made her pack up, and be gone instantly. What mistress, could have kept such a faithless creature one night longer in her house?"

„The fifth was slovenly in her dress; although she paraded about on sundays, and high festivals, like a peacock, in the week she looked one mass of filth and rags. If she had been stuffed, and stuck up in the fields, she would not only have scared the sparrows, but even the wild boars would have been frightened. The Knight sent her away; he said it was not fitting, that such a scare crow should come into one's sight, immediately on entering the castle.“

„The sixth, was forgetful and negligent, and cared not in the least for my interest. She thought of nothing, and I was obliged to tell her every day, over and over again, what she had each hour to do. She broke more dishes and plates, than there are days in the year. She threw away the tea-spoons with the water; I found one in the pig-sty, quite

bitten to pieces. Soon afterwards she broke a glass, I heard the noise, and ran into the kitchen, but she had already hidden the fragments, and she denied the deed; I sought for a long time in vain. However she was not too cunning for me: She had thrown the pieces into the water, in which she washed the plates, I drew them out, and in my haste cut my finger into the bargain. This enraged me still more. Indeed, said I, my pig was to swallow the glass then, but, before I would see my pig's death I would see your's! She was obliged to leave."

„The seventh, was as forward and talkative as a raven. She listened at every door, repeated every thing that was said in the house, and gave rise to all kinds of quarrels, and discontent. Whenever any thing was to be made public, you needed but confide it to her; and you might save yourself the expense of the crier. She was a horrible chatterbox, exaggerated everything, and never knew, when to end her story. But hark! somebody has rung for me; I must leave off! I am sorry for it, for I have made my description very short. I could talk to you for hours, about each of my servants. We will put off the rest till to morrow; on sunday we have enough leisure for conversation. In the mean while remember these faults, and beware of them as well

as of those, which I shall point out to you in the histories of my other servants; if you do — I hope we shall suit each other tolerably well.”

Rosa soon perceived that her mistress herself exaggerated, and had no cause to complain of talkativeness in others. She was also of opinion, that it would be necessary, to hear the complaints of the servants too, before a judgement could be formed. However, she only said: If a servant had but the tenth part of those faults, it would be enough to deserve censure, and a housewife, who wishes to have a good, clean, and industrious household, could not indeed be content with her. I will endeavour to be upon my guard against all these faults. Rosa was indeed the example of a good servant. She served, according to the doctrine of Christ and his Apostles, not only before the eyes of her earthly mistress, to gain the love of mankind, but with a sincere heart, and in the fear of God. Whatever she did, she did joyfully, as if she served God, and not men. She was always industrious, it was a pleasure to see how quickly and cheerfully, she went about her work, and in how short a time, she finished it. She never needed twice bidding; she did her work at the appointed hour, without waiting for orders. She saw herself, what was to be done; some

times a piece of work was already finished, before any one thought of ordering her to do it. She put all the kitchen utensils, and furniture in their right places, after they had been used. She kept the room very clean, and never rested, until she had made all the coppers and tins, in the kitchen, so bright and shining, that their cleanliness struck the eyes of all who entered. She took more care of her mistress's goods, than of her own; she was as careful of earthenware dishes, as if they had been the finest china. Not a pin did she leave upon the ground; she took it up, and put it into her mistress's pincushion. She abhorred stealing eatables; she would have been afraid of committing a sin, in taking a single thread of cotton. She was very discreet, and not a word passed, her lips, of what had been spoken in the house. She was satisfied and contented, and therefore always cheerful and kind. — She was modesty personified!

If she ever did any thing wrong, she confessed her fault, and begged pardon. When she was unjustly scolded, she understood the great art of being silent at the right time, and her silence, and the expression of her mild, angelic countenance moved and pacified her angry mistress more than any thing Rosa could have said in her own de-

fence. The porter's wife grew milder herself by degrees, and sometimes a day passed, to the great astonishment of her husband, without a single scolding. Rosa's service, however, was very hard. She was highly accomplished for her age, in fine needle work, but the rough work, she was now obliged to perform, and to which she, as a noble lady, had never before been accustomed, cost her a great deal of self-denial. She arose every morning at break of day, carried wood and water, lighted the kitchen fire, washed the dishes, swept the sitting room and the kitchen, and did much work of this kind. As she was unable at first, with all her endeavours, to fulfil some parts of her unaccustomed labour, she was obliged to hear herself called stupid and awkward, and to suffer many harsh names and words from the passionate Housewife. The food was good enough for the porter's family, but many dishes seemed to the young lady, so strange and disagreeable, that it cost her a great effort before she could prevail on herself, to taste them. Her bed, although clean, was hard and rough, for one accustomed to such different lodgings. After having worked hard from morning till night, and earned nothing but scolding, she retired, harrassed and fatigued, to her little room, there to find her sole consolation in

shortly hour of solitude and communication of her sufferings to God; often did she open her window, with sad and tearful eyes look up to heaven, and pray: „Oh my God! I will willingly endure all these hardships, if, at last, I may but succeed in alleviating the sufferings of my beloved father.“

CHAPTER X.

ROSA VISITS HER FATHER IN PRISON.

Rosa had already spent many sad days in her new service, without having had any opportunity of seeing her father in his prison. It was painful to her to feel herself so near, and yet not to be able to see him. However, one gleam of hope had been afforded her from the beginning of her service. She had observed that the porter was at the same time jailer, and supplied the prisoners with food. She inquired from time to time after all the prisoners, and heard that her dear father was at least still alive and well. She often begged the porter to take her to see the prisoners, but he always shook his head, saying: „you must

not be so inquisitive." She could scarcely refrain from tears when she saw the earthen-ware dish of thin soup, the black bread, and the jug of water which was prepared for her father. „Alas!" she said, sighing, „all my sufferings are nothing compared to those he suffers, I will henceforth look upon every hardship as insignificant." One evening, when the soup for the prisoners stood ready upon the large tray, the porter said to Rosa. „Rosa, come with me. I must go away to-morrow upon an errand for the Knight. I will show you the prisons, you will have to take the prisoners their meals, my wife has neither time nor inclination for it." He took up the tray, upon which the dishes stood, in one hand, and a large jingling bunch of keys in the other, and led the way through a long narrow passage. Thus, unexpectedly, the moment was arrived, when Rosa was to see her father. However great her joy might be, she nevertheless felt a sensation of fear. She was extremely agitated, and her heart beat as she followed the porter through the dark passage. However, she soon recollected herself, and resolved not to make herself known to her father before the porter. For, thought she, if my secret were discovered, he would not trust me with the keys of his prison.

The porter stopped at a little aperture in the

thick wall, which was closed by an iron shutter, and opened it. Terrified and trembling, Rosa looked into the cell. A man with neglected hair and beard, and with a wild countenance sat within it: „He,“ said the porter, „was once a brave, active, vigorous soldier, but the love of gambling and drink changed the noble-hearted, brave warrior into a highwayman. „I should not like to share the reward which awaits him.“ He pushed the bread-soup in, and closed the little shutter.

He then opened another. Rosa saw in the gloomy cell a pale death-like figure in heavy chains, with dishevelled hair, sunken cheeks, and eyes, whose expression bespoke the deepest anguish and melancholy.

The porter, after he had put in the soup, and closed the shutter, told Rosa that she was a girl, handsome as an angel. „Oh, that she had but remained innocent as an angel!“ continued he. „But she sought bad company, and now a heavy suspicion lies upon her of having murdered her child. If it be proved, she will be executed. Despair sometimes renders her mad; do not venture to open the door of her prison, she might do you some injury, and escape.“

„This prisoner's cell alone we may venture to enter,“ said the porter, opening an iron door: „he is a

good man mild and gentle, as patience itself. — It is knight Edelbert of Tannenburg! The poor trembling Rosa would not have recognised him. He was very pale and emaciated, and his beard had grown very long. His clothes were worn and thread-bare. He was seated upon a stone-bench, to which he was fastened by a chain of sufficient length to allow him to traverse his cell. The table beside him was hewn out of a single stone. An earthen jug, beside which lay some dried bread, stood upon it. The good knight rested his left arm upon the table, his head leaning upon his hand. He extended his right hand to the porter with an air of sadness. At the side of the table stood an old worm-eaten bedstead; some straw, and a coarse woollen blanket served as a bed. The whole prison bore a melancholy aspect. Being destined for imprisoned Knights, it was spaciouly built in a circular form, of large pieces of rock, and the roof was vaulted. The walls and roof were blackened by age. There was only one small grated window in the thick wall; the greater number of the small round panes were incrusted with mud on the outside; the others were so much overgrown with nettles as only to admit a pale, greenish light into the dark cell, which rendered it still more glomy. „Noble Knight“ said the porter, „my servant

will bring you your meals to-morrow. — I must go away on business.“

Edelbert gazed at Rosa. Her appearance reminded him immediately of his daughter, but he did not know her. „My God!“ sighed he, the tears starting into his eyes,“ my Rosa is about your age and size. Can you not tell me any thing of her, good jailer, have you not heard of her yet? — where she is, and how fares it with her? I have entreated you hundreds of times to inquire after her.“ „God in heaven alone knows where she is“ replied the porter,“ no mortal being has been able to discover any trace of her.“

„Good God!“ exclaimed Edelbert; „then not one of all the Knights who called themselves my friends, in my prosperity, has taken compassion upon my daughter, and received her into his castle.“ Edelbert now thought of his faithful Burkhardt, and hoped that Rosa might be with him, but he took care not to mention him for fear of bringing some misfortune on Burkhardt, whom Kunerich hated. He therefore only said. „Well, I hope she has found some good people to take care of her, that she may be preserved good and innocent. Let me but be assured of this. „Oh my God,“ he continued, sighing deeply, before I die in this prison, and I shall close my eyes in peace; even without the fulfilment of

my most ardent wish,—that, of seeing her once more. „Oh! you cannot imagine my good man, said he to the jailer, what a dear, good child my Rosa was — how she loved me, and fulfilled my slightest wish. She never caused me aught but pleasure. She must be happy, wherever she goes. Be thou my dear child,“ said he, „turning to Rosa, as good and obedient towards your parents, if they still live.“

Rosa, who hitherto had felt only dismay at the dreadful dungeon, and her father's pale countenance, now began to weep and sob, as if her heart would break. It was with the utmost difficulty that she refrained from throwing herself upon his bosom. Edelbert seemed astonished at her emotion, and said: „Is it the loss of your father or mother which grieves you so deeply?“ Rosa could scarcely stammer forth that her mother was dead long ago, that her father was still living, but was in misfortune.

„Well, said Edelbert, may Heaven take pity on him; and guard your gentle heart from temptation, dear child. „It is true, said the porter to Rosa „you are faint-hearted; do not cry so, else I cannot trust you with this charge.“ „However,“ continued he, addressing Edelbert, „she is a good child, so pious, so willing, and so diligent; you could hardly find a better servant within ten miles round. My wife

and I cannot praise her enough for her kindness towards my children. If my little Bertha is ever like her, I shall thank God every day upon my knees." Edelbert looked at Rosa with an expression of indescribable kindness. "God bless you, my dear child," said he, stretching out his hand towards her, „remain ever a good girl, pray continually, and trust in God; then will your father be happy, and rejoice in his daughter!" „God grant it," said Rosa with a faltering voice, as she kissed his offered hand, and bedewed it with her burning tears. It was well that the jailer now took leave; for Rosa could not have concealed herself longer. She left the cell almost unconsciously, and was forced to cling to the wall for support, as she passed through the dark passage.

CHAPTER XI.

ROSA DISCOVERS HERSELF TO HER FATHER.

Rosa spent the remaining part of the evening absorbed in melancholy reflections. The pale countenance of her beloved father, the heavy chains with which he was loaded, continually haunted her. His

misery pierced her very soul, and her distress was only calmed by the secret hope of making herself known to him, and alleviating his sufferings. As soon as she entered her little room at night, she fell upon her knees, and prayed to God, that He, who had till now blessed her perseverance, would continue to aid her, and send her poor father consolation and comfort. After praying, she lay herself down to sleep, but it was almost midnight, before she was able to close her eyes. The porter's wife awoke her, at one o'clock; her husband was to depart at two, and Rosa had to prepare some soup for him, before he set off. She lighted the fire, and made the soup: the porter ate heartily, praised Rosa's cookery, promised to bring her some thing home with him, if she did her duty during his absence, sprung upon his horse, and rode out of the gate. The drawbridges were immediately drawn up again, and the keys of the gate taken by a soldier to Kune-rich who kept them at night himself. The porter's wife had retired to bed again: Rosa was soon alone in the solitary room. Quietly and carefully she undid the bunch of keys, drew off the one she had marked as belonging to her fathers prison, took the jailer's old lantern, which hung in the cupboard with the keys, carried it up into her room, and remained there for some time. When

all was silent, and not a sound was to be heard in the castle, she put her little lamp into the lantern, covered it with her apron, took off her shoes, stole through the long dismal passage to the prison of her father, and opened the door as gently as possible. She held up her horn lantern, rendered still more dim by the dust which covered it, and saw Edelbert sitting with folded arms, upon the stone beside the table. He was surprised, as he thought he recognized, by the uncertain light of the lantern, the porter's servant. „Is it you my good child, said he, what do you want here so late at night or rather so early in the morning? It is not long since the watchman called two o'clock.“ Pardon me, whispered Rosa, for disturbing you, but I see you have not yet slept. I wish to speak with you alone, that is the reason why I avail myself of this late hour. „O my child! said Edelbert, it is dangerous, and might cause much mischief. Besides, a good girl should never venture out of her room at night; nay, she ought even to close her chamber more firmly than the door of my prison is secured.“

„Do not fear, said Rosa; every one, except the watchman on the walls, and the cock, is buried in deep sleep: I did not come here without consideration and prayer. God conducted my steps, He is

of a certainty with me. I only wish to speak a few words with you. Your grief for your daughter goes to my heart, and prevents me from sleeping; I come to bring you news of her. „Of my Rosa?“ he quickly demanded. „Oh God, if that were true, then, dear child, you should be welcome as an angel of heaven to my prison! O tell me, — tell me, do you know her? Have you seen her? have you spoken to her yourself, is she well? is she happy? O speak, can you tell me any thing certain about her?“ „I can give you the most certain intelligence,“ replied Rosa. „Look here, do you remember this gold chain and medal.“ „Merciful heavens!“ — cried Edelbert, seizing it with trembling hands, „that is the medal of honour I gave to my Rosa in the hour of our separation, as a constant remembrancer of me. I strictly commanded her never to part with this valuable gift. You must be well acquainted with her, dear child, and she must think highly of you, as she has confided it to your keeping. She certainly only did so to make me more easily believe you, and the news you bring me from her must be important.“ „She did not give it into a stranger’s hand, dear father,“ said Rosa. — „I am Rosa — your daughter.“ „You!“ exclaimed Edelbert, astonished. „Oh! do not deceive me. My daughter was, as her name implies, a blooming rose — and —

you—you—no—you are not.“ Rosa had, before she sought her father, carefully washed off the brown dye which disfigured her. She now took the little lamp out of the dim lantern, and behold! her mild lovely countenance was more beautiful than her father had ever before seen it. She looked like a delicate lily in the glowing light of morning, or reflecting the hue of a neighbouring rose. Her brown hair fell in ringlets upon her fair neck: tears glistened in her eyes, although she smiled with the sweetness of an angel.

„Rosa, is it you!“ exclaimed her father in ecstasy, and the gold chain fell from his hand. „You here? O, come to my arms; now that I have thee again, let this heavy building of massive stone fall down upon me; I care for nothing.“ He folded her in his arms, and bedewed her face with tears; she too wept upon his bosom. — „Father! Father! dearest Father!“ was all she could utter.

„But tell me, dearest Rosa,“ said Edelbert, „how you came here; let me know your secret. — What dreadful fate has reduced my Rosa to the servant of the lowest domestic in this castle.“ Rosa related her whole story — how kindly Burkhardt had received her in the forest — how she had always moved for her father — how the idea had struck her of disguising herself as a peasant girl, and enter-

ing the porter's service, as the means of seeing her father; and how she had longed for the happy moment to arrive." „And now," said she, at the end of her tale, „God has heard my prayer, has fulfilled my most ardent wish, given me an opportunity of seeing you often, dearest father, speaking with you, of procuring you, now and then, better food, and — in being in many things of service to you. O! I am the happiest of daughters: my whole life shall be one long thanksgiving." Edelbert looked up to heaven weeping. „Alas!" said he, „you are not the happiest, but the best of daughters. I am the happiest of fathers. How often did my hard fate grieve me, and that I was obliged to exchange this gold chain for iron fetters. But now I thank Thee, o God, for this affliction, without which I should never have known my daughter's heart as I now do. I thought myself happy when the Emperor hung this chain round my neck; but now I am still happier, laden with this iron chain which has long chafed my foot. I do not feel it any longer. I would not exchange this moment of happiness for all the treasures of the world. Yes, he continued, casting a scornful glance upon the gold chain, which was still lying upon the ground: „what is gold? — Nothing! compared to virtue — to that bliss, with which God rewards it. But stay,

I must not forget the medal," said he, lifting it up, "it bears a great value: not on account of the pure, massy gold, of which it is formed, but because the beautiful emblems and mottos, which it bears upon it, have proved high and noble truths. Yes, my dearest Rosa, even now, these joyful truths are in fulfilment. The eye of God watches over us. He guarded you, and led you innocent and good into my arms again. He, from whose eye no darkness can hide us, beheld me in my dungeon, and took pity upon my misery. He prepared for us moments of heavenly peace, even in this dread abode. God is with us. The knight, Rosa, set his heart against us, but he has only been the instrument in the hands of the Almighty, for procuring us this joy. Salvation is in the cross. God leads us through affliction to the purest joys. I feel, and experience this now. Kunerich may perhaps think me unhappy and wretched, when he has spent the night in music, drinking, and revelling, but let the sound of the trumpets, and the noise of the revellers penetrate even to my distant cell, — as they often do till midnight, — still, I would not change with him. I am happier here in my prison, living upon bread and water, than he is in the state rooms of his palace, with costly wines in golden goblets and the most savoury food upon sil-

ver dishes. That chain has not yet been forged, which can bind the free spirit, and prevent it from taking flight heavenwards, and seeking its happiness continually in God.

„O my Rosa! happy art thou, in having been permitted to experience crosses and sufferings so early, so that thou takest delight in spending the hours of night, which others trifle away in dancing and sport, in the prison of thy poor father. Thy sufferings preserve thee from the dangers of vice, and show thee the real beauty of virtue. O Rosa, Rosa, remain good! and love virtue, trust in God, and keep all his commandments as thou hast kept the fourth. Pray that you may be enabled, through faith, to believe in a crucified Redeemer; conquer vice, decline the false joys of this world, bear its troubles, — and thou wilt be happier by far than if thou wert seated upon the first throne of Europe.“ Rosa, deeply affected, promised to obey him in every thing, and gave him her hand as a pledge thereof. She extinguished her lamp, and hastened away, for at that moment the watchman’s horn announced the dawn of day.

CHAPTER XII.

ROSA ALLEVIATES THE SUFFERINGS OF HER FATHER.

Rosa, who was now again the dark peasant girl, had scarcely seated herself at table with the porter's wife and her children, to eat their morning soup, when Kunerich unexpectedly entered the room, hastily, and in a stormy mood. Rosa was not a little frightened: since she had been in this service the knight had never entered the porter's lodge; what could she think, but that she was betrayed. „From henceforth,“ said Kunerich, with an imperious voice, „you have nothing more to do at the castle gate. I shall have the porter's lodge guarded by four of my soldiers, you two be gone instantly into the kitchen to help there. I expect a large number of guests to-day and to-morrow.“ Rosa's heart grew lighter: Kunerich had observed how terrified she appeared, but he imagined that her fear arose from the excessive reverence with which she regarded him. With a self-satisfied smile he looked at her, and for the first time since she had been at Fichtenburg, not quite without kindness. For nothing pleased him better than

that people should fear and tremble before him. Rosa went with the porter's wife to fulfil her appointed work. A neighbouring Knight arrived at the hour of dinner; his name was Kuno, and he brought with him a numerous train of followers. The following day came another very brave knight, and many troopers — as horse soldiers were then called — accompanied him. Both these knights were great friends and allies of Kunerich. Almost hourly fresh visitors arrived at Fichtenburg: some on horseback, some on foot; not only the castle itself in which Kunerich lived, but all the neighbouring buildings, which surrounded the extensive castle-yard were filled with soldiers. In the evening they lighted large fires in the court, and cooked, ate and drank, and made a great noise. Rosa understood very well what all this meant. She had seen many similar preparation for war. One evening, as she was giving the children their supper, the porter's wife entered the room, as pale as death, and cried, clasping her hands together: — „O children! — pray! — we are at war. Your father, who summoned the people, and is just come home, must go too. — They set off early to morrow.“ On the following morning, before daybreak, the trumpets sounded for the departure; the porter, who was one of the Knight's bravest soldiers, had al-

ready armed himself. In his coat of mail, with his sword girded on his side, the steel helmet upon his head, and the lance in his hand, he took leave of his wife and children. They all wept and Rosa wept with them, as if she had also been his daughter. He advised his wife and children to pray for him every day, „do you pray for me also, pious Rosa,” said he, „that I may be permitted to see my wife and children again.” The stranger knights all splendidly armed, the troopers with their bright swords, the foot soldiers armed with long pikes, marched in full array out of the gate over the drawbridge: Kunerich was the last of the train. As soon as they were all out, he gave the keys of the gate to the old governor and said to him: you, my faithful old servant, keep these keys day and night in your possession, I forbid you to let any one go in, or out of the gate unless you your self are present, with two of the soldiers, who are left behind as a garrison. You shall answer to me with your gray head for this trust. He put spurs to his horse, and galloped over the thundering drawbridge. Which was instantly drawn up again, and the gates locked and barred.

Rosa and the porter's wife had much to do after all were departed, before every thing in the kitchen was cleaned, and put into proper order. In the evening the porter's wife said to Rosa,

„Rosa I intend to go to morrow with my children, to see my old mother in the next village. My head is quite confused with the noise of war, and my heart heavy with the parting. This visit will cheer me up a little. I shall not be back before night, because it is a long way for the children. You can rest yourself to morrow for you have nothing more to do with the castle gate only do not forget the prisoner's meals, and take care to have a good supper ready for us when we come home.“

In the morning as soon as the sun was up she set out with the children. Nobody was ever happier than Rosa now felt herself. She thought not of rest. During the last few days her numerous occupations had only permitted her, to see her father for a few moments at a time. Now, she could devote the whole day to him. She had a long time thought of every thing which could alleviate his sufferings and prepared it for him. Above all she had taken care to provide him with fresh linen, she had made some shirts out of the fine piece of linen which the charcoalburner's wife had given her, and in the few leisure hours, which her duties as a servant, left at her own disposal, she had toiled at them often till midnight. She had also knitted him several pair of stockings from the yarn which she herself had spun. She now

hastened to her father, and carried him the new shirts and stockings. She took a large tub of warm water with soap and towels, and gave him the key to unlock his chains. This was a great blessing to the good Edelbert who was very fond of cleanliness, and he had long desired it in vain. „I feel quite a different person,“ said he, when Rosa came back to fetch away the washing utensils. „Now you must also breathe the fresh air, dearest father,“ said Rosa. There was a small door which opened from the dark passage into a pretty little garden, which was at the jailer's disposal, and which Rosa kept in good order.“

She led her father thither. The morning was exceedingly fine; the sunshine was warm, and delightful, the air was light and refreshing. The good knight almost fancied that he was entering heaven when he so suddenly exchanged his dark prison for the open air and sunshine. „My God,“ said he, „if we feel after death as free and happy as I now do, we ought to be willing to die.“ Rosa brought him for breakfast a strong soup, and placed it upon a table, which stood before a stone seat beneath a nut-tree, in a corner of the garden, next to the watch-tower. She told him that he might spend the whole day in the garden.“ I should be happy dearest father,“ said she, „to remain with you

all day long, if I had not so much to do. However, I will often look in upon you. She hastened away whilst he walked up and down in the sunshine, enjoying the beautiful morning. The warm beams strengthened and animated him. He thanked God with tears for the sun, but still more for the love of his daughter. „Love is,“ said he,“ in the world of spirits, the sun which warms, and animates every creature; without it, the universe would be a gloomy dismal prison.“ Rosa who had brought her father a good dinner, and visited him above ten times during the day, but only for a few minutes at a time, returned towards evening and led him, oh, with what a heavy heart, back to his prison. But how great was his surprise upon entering. He imagined Rosa had lost her way and led him into a room of the palace instead of into his prison. The walls and the caulk which till then had been of a blackish grey hue like the bark of an oak, were now white-washed and by the warmth of the weather completely dried. The rough brick floor was cleaned, and strewn over with white sand, which gave it a red colour, — almost as pretty, said Rosa, as white gauze over a rose coloured satin. The window was cleared of mud and nettles, and the beautiful blue sky peeped cheerfully through the clean

and bright panes. Clean straw was put into the bed stead, and a white sheet spread over it; a pillow too, which had been wanting till now was there and fresh covered, and a new thick blanket made of the finest wool served as a coverlet. A jar of beautiful and fragrant flowers stood upon the table. The dark thick air of the prison was gone, and the balsam of flowers filled it instead. „O how many pleasures you procure me,“ said Edelbert; filial love can indeed bestrew the parent's path with flowers: love can change a dismal dungeon into a paradise.

„But,“ continued he, contemplating the white walls and the ceiling,“ it was not possible for you to effect all this alone. Who in my enemy's castle can have been so kind as to help you?“

Rosa replied: there is an old soldier in the castle who was a mason in his youth, and who still gains something occasionally by pursuing his former trade. He was ill too a few days last week. The porter's wife often sent him at my entreaty food, which might do him good. I took it to him, and when ever I had time, sat down at his bedside and talked to him. He once spoke of you — without knowing that I am your daughter — with great esteem and heartfelt regret. He said, he too had fought in the battle which had well nigh

been lost by Kunerich's imprudence but which you had gained, and had been severely wounded; he assured me he must certainly have perished on the field of battle if you had not taken pity upon him. I begged him last night to help me in rendering your dismal prison somewhat more tolerable. I thought he would make objections; but he praised my intention very much, and joyfully took upon himself the greatest part of the labour. Let Kunerich know of it, he said; I don't care about him. He can have no objection to my paying honour to knighthood.

Edelbert inquired more particularly about the old soldier, and then said: „I cannot remember having shown him any kindness, but the man's gratitude touches me very much. You see, my dear Rosa, how the good which we have long ago forgotten, may bring after it good consequences.“ Rosa now brought in supper. „We will sup together for once, dearest father,“ said she. She had brought a chair with her, and sat down beside him. The meal was simple, but carefully and well prepared. The tender and attentive daughter had been so fortunate, as to be able to provide for her father his favorite dishes: a barby soup, a brace of roasted partridges with a salad of artichokes, and for the desert, a plate full of crabs which were nicely adorned with green pars-

ly. She also brought her father who had till now received nothing but water and coarse bread, a bottle of good wine and some white bread.

„But how in the name of heaven, dearest Rosa,” said her father, looking alternately at the bed and at the table, did you get all these things together? Rosa replied that Gertrude had given her the linen, and Agnes had brought her the partridges and the crabs yesterday, the rest she had bought with her wages and the money which visitors gave her for opening the gates. But she did not tell him, that she had deprived herself of her own pillow. The noble father was highly delighted. „I have often dined at the Emperor’s table,” said he, „but never did I relish any meal so much as I do this. God will reward your filial love, dearest Rosa.” Rosa felt still happier; never in her life before, had she experienced such pleasure as at this moment when she felt, that she had alleviated her father’s sufferings. She felt deeply that to give is more blessed than to receive. „O how happy the rich might be” said she, „if they knew that. How happy might children be, who are rich enough to do their parents good. They would have a heaven upon earth.” Rosa was now obliged to return to her work, cook for the porter’s wife and her two children; and after bidding her father good

night, she hastened out of the room. But her father's joy was too great to allow him to rest for a long time, when he at last did fall asleep, his slumber was as tranquil and profound, as it had ever been in his life.

Rosa procured her father every day fresh comforts. She brought him in the morning a glass of new milk, a couple of eggs, or some butter to eat with his piece of coarse bread, which the prisoner enjoyed very much. She gave him as often as she could do so, without being discovered, her strong soup, and eat his bread soup herself. She often took no supper, but carried him the small piece of roast meat, or the piece of cake which was given her on sundays or on other days. From time to time she brought him fresh flowers which he loved exceedingly, and fruit which had been given her. She had sent the golden earrings which she had worn at the time of her father's capture, and which were the only ornaments left her to be sold by the charcoalburner in order to provide her father every day with a glass of old wine which strengthened him very much. She only lived for him. Once when the jailer returned from the field for a few days, upon a message, he went to look after the prisoners. He was not a little astonished, upon opening the door of Edelbert's pri-

son. He shook his head saying. „I dare not let Kunerich see this, or else I might myself be lodged in a cell with grated windows, that would certainly not be so pleasant and nice as this one is. However, the alterations please me very well. How beautiful cleanliness is. A few hands full of chalk, and sand with a little trouble and labour, have changed this dark prison into a neat light room; whilst many, by their disorder and uncleanness make their rooms like gloomy dungeons.

In the passage the porter said to Rosa very gravely. „Listen Rosa! I cannot blame your compassion for the knight. I can also easily imagine that you procure him secretly many other comforts, and I am not angry with you for doing so. But do not let your compassion lead you to attempt his escape. It would never succeed; the locks and bolts upon the gates, and the drawbridges prevent that. But the endeavour itself would be sufficient to render me unhappy. I should lose my place and subsistence, and would be thrust out of the castle with my wife and children. My master would perhaps murder me in his rage, for I have pledged my head for the security of the prisoner. Do not render me miserable, and endanger my life. Rosa gave him her promise, and before his de-

parture he caused her to take a solemn vow to the same effect.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROSA FULFILS THE ADMONITIONS OF HER FATHER.

Whilst Edelbert was finding so much consolation in the love of his daughter, and Rosa felt herself daily blessed by the happy looks of her father, many changes took place at Fichtenburg. Kunerich's castle had been until this time, the abode of merriment, but now grief, which cannot be shut out by bolted doors and drawbridges, found its way even into its stately chambers. The news of the war which pride had led Kunerich to undertake against a powerful knight and his allies, were not at all favourable. Reports arrived that Kunerich was wounded, had lost all his baggage, and himself had nearly been made prisoner. He lay sick of his wound, in the distant castle of one of his relations. Instead of sending home as usual waggons loaded with spoil, his lady was obliged to send him money and provisions. But she could not visit him, for want

of soldiers to protect her on the road. She dared not trust herself without the walls; she knew too well that fear not love — had been the foundation of her husband's power over the neighbouring people. Kunerich's enemies had indeed risen up, and already committed open acts of violence. They had several times carried off the provisions which had been bought for the castle in the neighbouring villages, so that Hildegard and her children were obliged to be content with common food, and were even sometimes in want of the necessities of life. The children caught the small-pox, and every one despaired for a length of time of their recovery. At last the Lady became ill herself from anxiety and watching. Rosa heard all these things, even the smallest trifle from the talkative porter's wife, for she herself had only entered the rooms and galleries of that part of the castle which the knight and his family inhabited when positively commanded to do so.

On such occasions her dislike of her task, increased at every step, and she hastened as quickly as possible down the stone staircase again.

She felt a pain at her heart at the sight of the knight, and almost imperceptibly, a deep dislike took possession of her heart, not only towards Kunerich, who had so deeply injured her father and

robbed him of his possessions and liberty, but also against his wife and children. Rosa told her father how matters were going on in the castle. A slight smile was visible upon her countenance while she was speaking. Now, she said, may they experience themselves what misery is; now may their pride be forced to bend. This noble knight's wife, who has always lived in pomp and abundance, dressed her children richly, was always visited by noble friends, and visited them in return, now lives solitary and forsaken, as if in a cloister; she has now only the companionship of tears and sighs. And the proud, haughty knight who prepared us, and other men so much distress, now learns the truth of the proverb! with what measure ye meet, it shall be measured to you again."

But the noble minded father did not approve of his daughter's angry feelings towards Kunerich. „How! my Rosa," said he, do I hear you speak thus? Do I see your gentle and mild countenance distorted with a spiteful smile. Oh, let it not be thus my child, these thoughts are wrong, do not suffer anger to poison your noble heart. Kunerich has indeed acted in regard to me, as he ought not to have done, he hated me without a cause, and injured me. But have you forgotten the command of our heavenly redeemer? Ought

we not to love those who hate us ; do good to those who persecute us ? And how ? can you wish to make Kunerich's wife suffer for his evil deeds, she who suffers enough from his rough temper, and certainly does not approve of his conduct towards us. You even wish to be revenged upon his innocent children, who do not know right from wrong. Rosa ! Rosa ! do not let your love for your father, make you hate your enemy, do not hate him. Yes," my God, he continued, laying his hand upon his heart, and looking up to Heaven. „Thou knowest that, if, when in the tumult of the battle this knight came in danger, I would throw myself amongst the swords and lances to save his life — even at the expense of my own. And you, Rosa, if you lived again in richness and prosperity, and if his wife and children were in misery and implored help from you — would you close your door and your heart against them, and let the poor little ones, and their distressed mother, who have never harmed us, depart from you, could you bear to see them perish ?“ „No, said Rosa, deeply affected, no, I never could do that, I would give them with all my heart any thing I had.“

„I doubt it," replied her father, „if you will not even bestow on them the smallest of all gifts — a kind look, or word — how should you give

them greater things. As you always avoid any opportunity of seeing them, how can you ever find occasion to do them good? Change your behaviour towards them. Meet them with kindness, and then only will you be able, to be their benefactor in time of need. „I do not advise you to behave thus from principles of human wisdom; — to gain the hearts of powerful foes in whose power we are and to induce them to give us back what they have taken from us. If we were only kind to them on that account, our kindness would be without value. It would be a miserable servile deception of which we ought to be ashamed. No, my dearest daughter, that heavenly flower — real love for mankind — can not grow from the roots of self love; it must spring from a soil of a pure and affectionate heart, and is but the reflection and type of that heavenly love, which forms the soul of our holy religion, and must fill each truly pious mind. God himself is love. He loves all men as his children. He causes his sun to shine upon his rebellious children, and bestows on them dews and rains. His will is, that these too may repent, and meet together in heaven.“

„The son of God gave his own life, and shed his own blood to save them. We ought also to possess this pure love. We must love all mankind as

our brothers and sisters, do them good, and not exclude even the worst and the most malicious of them from our hearts. We ought to be willing even to lay down our lives for their sakes ; we should love them as we love ourselves. Our love must not confine itself to the earth, we must not only love God, whose beneficence far exceeds that of any men, we must also seek to resemble Him in his love. This holy love towards God and towards mankind, can alone render us fit inmates of heaven. A soul without love, would be unblest even there ; he, who hates any man, is not yet worthy of admittance. Love is the source of all felicity in heaven, and alone renders it a blissful abode. Therefore, ought it to be the chief aim of our life, to plant this heavenly love, like a valuable plant, in our hearts, to cherish it, and to rear it to perfection. The love of trifling things, such as vain glory, sensual lusts, and the perishable goods of this life does not permit this heaven-born principle to grow in the hearts of men, but chokes it in the germ. Therefore does God often send afflictions upon us, that they may purify our souls from pride, selfishness, and desires after earthly pleasures : therefore did he take from us the splendour of rank, our earthly possessions, and the delights which richness procured us. For, believe me, my dear daughter, as long

as God continues to send us misfortunes, there is still something lingering in us, which can only be removed by sufferings. Let us, dearest, acknowledge God's fatherly purpose, and not defeat it by cherishing hatred towards our enemy, which must make us forfeit the blessing which God prepares for us in our troubles."

Rosa listened attentively. „You are right dearest father," said she, looking up to him affectionately, her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, how far am I from being worthy of heaven! — Well, I will endeavour by the help of God to correct myself. I will try to love God above every thing — and all mankind — Kunerich's wife and children too — as myself. And if sufferings can render me better and kinder, I will willingly suffer, as long as God sees fit. For what is the length of time compared to a blessed Eternity." Rosa kept her word faithfully. She never went purposely out of the way of the children, who had now recovered, and sometimes played in the court, yard accompanied by their nurse. She never affected now not to see them, she saluted them with a friendly smile, and entered into conversation with them. She tried also to please them, and begged Agnes to bring her the tame roe, and the two pigeons, and gave the roc to the boy, and the pigeons to the two little

girls. She found them to be very amiable children; and reproached herself for having been, till now, so unkind towards those lovely beings. I have deprived myself of much pleasure, said she, my fault was at the same time its own punishment. Oh, how right my father was! — it is better to be kind and conciliating, than angry, and revengeful. But Rosa soon found an opportunity of putting in practice her father's lessons to their full extent.

CHAPTER XIV.

ROSA'S HEROISM.

It was a beautiful clear autumnal day which had succeeded a long rain — the sun rose bright and warm, and shone so beautifully within the high walls of the castle-court, that every one felt reanimated. The people in the castle had again ventured out into the fields, to gather in the remaining corn. The nurse, who was called Thekla, came down after dinner with Kunerich's three children into the court yard. In the centre of the large broad court-yard, there was a deep well,

surrounded by a wall of finely hewn stone, and six slender columns supported the high pointed roof, which was adorned with a number of stone figures, resembling those seen in antique churches. The well was exceedingly deep. It took almost a quarter of an hour to wind the large bucket up and down with the help of a wheel. The numerous strangers who visited the castle were always taken to see the well as the greatest curiosity of the place. To give them an idea of its depth some-one threw down small pebbles — and there no traveller ever failed to express his surprise at the length of time it took, before they heard the stone touch the bottom of the well. A lighted taper was also placed in the bucket and let down: and it was curious to see how the candle lighted up the walls, where some times a green weed grew up between the masonry, how it was reflected in every drop on the wet stones, and at last like a red star in the midst of darkness shone below. The masons who descended, from time to time, to repair and clean the well, were obliged to use many ladders which they fastened to hooks fixed in the walls. There was an old saying, that whoever reached the bottom of the well before the roof was built over it, had seen the stars shining above in the clear blue sky in

broad day light. The well was surrounded by a large round grassplot, whose fine green looked very pretty in the paved yard; and by a hedge of haw thorn bushes. The three children were now playing upon the green near the well. The little girls, Ida and Emma were highly delighted at the sight of the crimson haws, which were now ripe. Thekla broke some off for them. They busied themselves with stringing the berries on threads, called the red berries their corals, adorned their necks and arms with some degree of childish vanity, and prided themselves not a little upon their somewhat extraordinary ornaments. Eberhard the boy threw stones into the well: he selected the largest he could find, listened attentively until the stone splashed in the water, and then jumped about for joy. When he at last grew tired of this play, and had gone to a short distance from the well, a bird flew over him, pitched upon the edge of the bucket, and seeing that as usual a little water been left in it, it flew in to drink or wash itself. The boy saw the bird fly in: „stay,“ said he, „in his artless simplicity, to his two sisters, I can easily catch that bird. Only look! that will be excellent fun.“ He climbed up the stone fencing of the well, stretched out his little arm to the bucket. Finding his arm too

short, he bent more and more forward, when suddenly he lost his balance, and fell into the dreadful abyss. The two little children at the well uttered a piercing cry. Thekla, the maid had stolen into the kitchen of the castle to eat sweet-meats. Upon hearing the children's screams she came running out in a great fright. She heard to her astonishment the child crying in the well; and on looking down she saw him hanging far down suspended to a hook in the well by the skirt of his frock, but she stood quite still not knowing what to do. The lady was still ill in bed, and unable to leave her room, the other people of the castle were in the fields. The trembling girl, pale a death, clasped her hands, and implored the help of God and all the saints. Suddenly Rosa appeared. She had been obliged to stay at home because the porter's little girl had fallen ill during the night, and it was feared that she had caught the smallpox. „Quick, quick,“ said Rosa to Thekla, „help me into the bucket, and let it gently down. As soon as I call stop, do not let it descend farther, and when I call up, then draw it up again.“

„Be attentive to my call, and take courage; I hope with the help of God to save the child.“ Rosa recommended herself to the protection of God and got into the bucket. A shudder came over

her, as she sank deeper and deeper; she felt the damp cold air of the well, the sun seemed to lose its light, and all grew darker and darker around her. At length she reached the crying child; she called out from below stop, and the bucket stood still. She now endeavoured to catch the child in her arms, and to loosen him from the hook, but this was difficult and very dangerous. She could not use both her arms at once, being obliged to keep hold of the chain with one hand to prevent herself from falling. All was of no avail. An inexpressible fear stole over her, and the cold sweat stood in drops upon her brow. She fervently prayed to God from the dreadful and dismal depth, not to forsake her in her greatest distress. At last she succeeded. She took the child into her arms, and he immediately clasped his little arms round her neck, as if he still feared to fall. He left off crying, and she called up, — „draw up.“ — Thekla felt with rapture the increased weight of the bucket, and began to wind it up hastily. The boy's sick mother had hastened to the window upon hearing the cries of alarm. She heard with terror, which struck her like lightening, the words of the weeping children: „Edelbert has fallen into the well.“ The dreadful words seemed to echo like thunder through the whole castle. The poor lady, pale as death, clung to the window for support, her knees

trembled, her hands shook; she could not move from the spot. It was as if her heart would burst with the violence of its beating. Thekla called out to her that Edelbert was caught fast, and that the porter's maid was endeavouring to bring him up. A faint gleam of hope arose in the mother's breast; she began to pray: her voice failed her, but she prayed to God, from her inmost heart, to save her first-born and only son. Her eyes were stedfastly fixed upon the well. At length Rosa appeared in one arm holding the child, who clung to her as if he were asleep, and with the other the chain. When the bucket was wound up high enough and Rosa hung with the child in the centre of the stone fencing above the well, Thekla fastened the wheel, came to the brink of the well, drew the bucket towards her by help of the hook, and tried to take the child into her arms. But the weak, trembling girl had not strength and skill enough to seize hold of the bucket at the same time, and take the child from Rosa's arms into her's. She tried long in vain. What a dreadful moment was this for the mother, she expected every instant to see them all three precipitated into the well. Rosa saw that the attempt would not succeed if made in that manner, and Thekla let go the bucket. Rosa now tried to

stretch out the child to her, but however far Thekla bent forwards, a small space was still wanting to reach him. The mother was not able to remain longer at the window; her eyes grew dim — she endeavoured to call out, as loud as her weakness would permit „O, not so! — not so!“ Rosa did not hear the words, but she saw herself that it would be still more dangerous, than the former plan. She remained silent and thoughtful, for a moment, and then said, „Thekla push the bucket gently with the hook, that it may swing slowly backwards and forwards in the mouth of the well.“ Thekla did so, without knowing why. „Now, said Rosa, and smiled encouragingly at the trembling girl, now, when the bucket comes near enough to you, take hold of the child quickly. Wait, however, till I tell you. Look! — now — now“ — Thekla now easily took hold of the child, and set him down upon the ground.

She then gave her hand to Rosa to assist her out too, but Rosa said „you had better push the bucket so as to make it approach the pillar.“ Thekla obeyed, and when the bucket touched the pillar, Rosa clung to it, stepped upon the wall of the well, and sprang upon the ground. Oh, how happy she was upon feeling again the firm earth beneath her feet! — how glad she was to see

the bright sunshine, and the blue sky! She fell down upon her knees, and thanked God who had saved both her and the child. Good God, thanks be to Thee, was her first thought. How happy my father will be, and how content with his daughter, was the second. She hastened to tell him the joyful news of the child's rescue. He embraced her with tears of the most heart-felt joy that ever moistened the eyes of a father. You have gained the greatest victory, said he, you have conquered yourself, and done good towards your enemy. You have done a greater deed of heroism than the boldest knight ever did, who laid his greatest enemy dead at his feet; you have saved a human life; but do not be proud, my dear Rosa. — It is God who has given you courage and opportunity. Honour is due to him alone."

CHAPTER XV.

ROSA'S NOBLE SENTIMENTS.

Thekla had in the mean time led the rescued child to his mother, who forgetting for a moment her illness, rushed towards her son, clasped

him in her arms, wept tears of joy, and asked him hundreds of times, if he were not hurt. He was quite unharmed: he only looked very pale with anxiety and fear. She fell upon her knees, still holding her beloved Edelbert in her arms, and exclaimed weeping, „Thou, o God! hast restored him again to me, I will dedicate him to Thee.“ She arose, and seating herself quite exhausted upon her bed, took the child upon her lap, saying: „Oh, you naughty child, how have you frightened me by your carelessness? How often have I warned you against all such dangerous places, how often forbidden you never to go near the well or to approach the horses, or to climb the trees? Now, see! your disobedience has well nigh cost you your life. What would your father have said, if I had lost you in that manner? O, be obedient in future, you have been given back to me by a miracle. Thank God, who has guarded you by his holy angels. — But the angel that saved you is — the poor charcoal-burner's girl,“ said she, looking round, “is the dear child not here? Go, Thekla seek for her — make haste — let her come to me, that I may thank her. This deed shall not be unrewarded.“ Thekla hastened into the porter's room. Rosa was already seated again at the bedside of the sick child, and knitting.

„Come,“ cried Thekla, „you are to come this moment to My lady: and you may be glad of it, for I am sure you will get a handsome reward.“ What Thekla said about money offended Rosa’s delicate feelings; she did not wish to go with her, she desired no reward. However, she supposed it might be unkind if she declined the invitation, and might grieve the happy mother. She therefore accompanied Thekla. Rosa entered the room modestly and with blushing cheeks. The lady who was sitting by her sleeping child, upon her bed, ran towards her with open arms; She thought not of her rank, but clasped the meanly dressed girl affectionately in her arms. „Oh, my daughter,“ said she, „how deeply am I indebted to you! — what a noble action you have done! — what misery you have spared me! — what inexpressible joy you have given me! without you, the sweet child, who now sleeps so calmly upon that bed, would lie cold and dead in yon dreadful abyss. You have snatched my child from death, and given him back again to me; from this moment you shall be considered as one of my own children, and find in me a true mother. Remain now continually with me. But you,“ she continued, turning to Thekla with a grave, but mild and gentle countenance, „I cannot keep you longer in my service. You have neglected

the easiest of duties, that of keeping the children in your sight — a duty which ought to be considered holy by every nurse. You were very near becoming the murderer, instead of the nurse, of my child. I shall order your wages be paid you to-day, and to-morrow you leave the castle." Thekla cried and sobbed, and begged pardon and mercy. She fell upon her knees, exclaiming that she was a poor orphan and that she would certainly be more careful in future. — But the lady said, „you have often promised me that, but never kept your word. I cannot confide in you any more. It is painful to me to send you away; but, I can not expose my children to continual danger, out of pity for you. Go therefore, and behave better in your future service." Rosa now said: „permit me, My lady, to speak a word for Thekla, and do not be displeased at my boldness. You are right in saying that Thekla has committed a great fault. Her carelessness has caused you terror, and might have cost the life of your son. But Thekla, who did not think of this before, will now, I am sure, be warned by this dreadful event, and never in her life be so negligent again. And has Thekla only failed? did she not try with all her might to make amends for her fault? did she not help faithfully? — why, as you yourself saw,

— did she not even risk her own life to save that of your son? And will you only think of her fault and not of her assistance? Will you send away disconsolate one, who has proved by the rescue of your son, that she possessed a good, and faithful heart? God has just now granted your prayer, do not reject in the same hour the prayers, and petition of the distressed. God has been merciful towards you; be the same towards others; God has given you back your son; do not deprive a poor forsaken orphan of her only friend. God himself pardons the penitent who tries to amend, do you therefore likewise be merciful. God gives you an excellent opportunity to show, by your actions in pardoning the distressed Thekla, the thanks you owe him. „Oh how, did Thekla, and I rejoice at the rescue of the child! Now many tears of joy did we weep! Will you, who are the happiest among us — for what is deeper than a mother's joy? — will you be the only one to make another unhappy this day? Can you, before the tears of joy are dried upon your own cheeks, force poor Thekla to shed tears of sorrow without attempting to wipe them away by your kindness? No—you can never do that, noble lady. As for me, I cannot accept the offered place. I should be afraid of the sin of taking away the place of a poor servant maid, and building

my happiness upon the misery of others. The lady looked at the supposed peasant-girl with astonishment. „Really,“ said she, „I am at loss whether most to admire your heroism or your noble sentiments. Who could resist such a petitioner. Thekla shall not lose her place, but still you must remain with me. I can not allow you to leave me, wonderful girl, — had I almost said — I am unable to reward you as I should wish to do, as my husband is absent, and I am shut up in this castle like a prisoner: but I hope the day will soon come when he will return from the war, and recompense you amply. In the mean time, give up your service with the porters wife, and be my daughter, my companion, my friend. You shall be newly clothed instantly, you were born for something better than servitude. Rosa was deeply moved by the conduct of the gentle and kind lady, and the generous pardon which she granted to Thekla. She felt a sincere esteem for her, and would have been happy to remain with her. But then she thought of her father, whom she should no more be able to visit, and who would be confided to the care of strangers. She hesitated whether to reveal the secret of her being Edelbert's daughter, she wished to consult her father. She therefore said; „pardon me; that I cannot accept your

offer, I acknowledge your kindness with thankfulness; but in the first place it is in better for us that we look not for thanks if we have succeeded with God's help in doing any thing good; we may then expect our reward in heaven: and in the second place, I am so contented and happy in my present situation, that I do not wish for any other. Thank does not enoble men, but the way in which they fulfil the duties of their station in life and bear its trials. As the porter's servant, I have often the opportunity of alleviating the sufferings of the prisoners; I am happy; do not render me unhappy by your kindness."

"Strange child," said the lady, "I cannot understand you. What you say about happiness in your dark guard-room, and the unhappiness in living with me, seems strange. Is it not in my power to serve you? Ask whatever you wish for, and I promise upon my honour — if it be possible — to grant it you." "Well then," said Rosa, "I accept your given word. Allow me as much time as is necessary to consider what favour I shall request of you. A time will come, I am sure, when you can render me exceedingly happy by the fulfilment of your promise. Leave me, in the mean time, in my happy obscurity. — Pardon me for quitting you now! — I dare not leave the sick child be-

low any longer alone." She curtsied with a sweet smile to the lady, and hastened out of the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROSA'S NOBLE BIRTH DISCOVERED.

The Lady Kunerich of Fichtenburg — Kunerich's wife, was as distinguished for her noble heart as for her understanding. She knew how to value Rosa's generosity, she felt the deepest interest in her, she wished to see her happy but she could not understand her behaviour. She thought, and not without reason, that she saw something mysterious about her, and leaning her head on her hand she considered for a long time the behaviour of the young stranger. „How did these sentiments come into the mind of a poor charcoal-burner's daughter," said she, „how did she acquire her manner of expressing herself? where did she learn that dignified manner with which she entered my room, and which is visible in her whole demeanour. She was as unembarrassed in her way of speaking to me, as if she had always been accustomed to be with per-

sons of noble birth; and had the most careful education. In fact this surprises me almost more than her courage, her coolness, and presence of mind, and what can be the cause that she does not wish to be constantly with me, since she would than be certainly much better off? — There must be something extraordinary behind all this. Can she have any improper motives, can she have a secret, at the discovery of which she would need to blush! I cannot think it, yet I must observe her more narrowly. She immediately gave orders to the old governor of the castle, to watch all Rosa's proceedings. The man did so, and observed nothing but what was good and right. One morning, however, the officious old man brought the report, that Rosa visited the knight Edelbert in his prison, alone and at night, when every one was in deep sleep, and staid with him for hours. It seems to me to be a very serious affair said he; the girl might bring us into great trouble if she assisted the knight to escape; and she has courage enough to do so. However, I do not know yet what projects they form together. Although I listened as attentively as possible at the prison door, I could not understand more than an indistinct murmuring. The reason of this was not because Edelbert and Rosa spoke in a low voice but be-

cause the honest governor was as deaf as a block. The Lady von Fichtenburg was not a little astonished. „Edelbert,“ said she, „is our deadliest enemy. My husband often assured me of this when I begged him not to be so severe toward the unfortunate knight. He told me so many bad things of this Edelbert, that I can not doubt his entertaining feelings of the most violent nature towards us. I do not like seeing this strange girl in such close confidence with our greatest enemy. I will listen myself.“ She ordered the governor to inform her immediately the next time when Rosa visited the knight, but not to utter a syllable to any other person in the castle. She herself did not in the least alter her behaviour towards Rosa, but treated her as kindly as before, and showed no signs of suspicion. Some days, after this lady Fichtenburg went with her children into the garden; she invited Rosa to accompany her; conversed kindly with her, and gave her some rich peaches which were just ripe. On the following night, an hour after sunset, the old Governor came in haste, and exclaimed: „now, lady, the Knight and the peasant girl are conversing together, and very earnestly too: You can hear yourself now what designs they are plotting against you and your noble Lord. Lady Fichtenburg threw a clark cloak round her,

to prevent her being easily recognized, and hastened to the door of the prison. „It is not a very honorable business that I am now engaged in,” said she to herself; „it is even very mean, and wicked to listen: but I only do it, because I take a deep interest in the welfare of this poor girl, and because I dare not endanger the happiness of my own family. The door was half closed, and a candle was burning in the prison. She could understand every word, that was spoken; she listened attentively to what Edelbert, and Rosa said: „The peaches are excellent,” said the prisoner, they are of the same sort as those which grow upon a tree in our garden. They always were my favourite fruit; the delicate red is pleasant to the eye. The smell is agreeable and refreshing, the taste delicious, said Rosa, it makes me sad to look at those peaches. If I might but once more gather the fruit from the trees of our own garden, and bring them to you as formerly, dearest father.“

„Be thankful, my dear child, that you are able to bring me those,” replied Edelbert. Scarcely ten peaches grew upon this tree, you said before — and the Lady of Fichtenburg gave you three of them. She is very, very kind towards you.“

„That is just the reason why I often think I

ought to tell her, that I am your daughter: She would conceal our secret, and be the best person to beg Kunerich to set you free."

"O do not be so sanguine," said Edelbert, "you have no idea how deep his hatred is towards me. The heart of this dear Lady may be as soft, and mild, as this delicate, smooth peach; but Kunerich's heart is as hard as its stone."

"But I should think, said Rosa, if Kunerich hears that your daughter has saved his son's life, he cannot possibly leave you to languish here; if I kneel to him, and entreat him, — he is sure to grant my petition."

"Do not think so," said Edelbert, "I know him too well; supposing even he admired your noble action, because it was of use to him, and even thought of recompensing you for it, he never would make up his mind to conquer his hatred."

"But, dearest father," returned Rosa, "if one could convince him that you, whom he has robbed of every thing, still love him, and wish to return good for evil — that you have taught me to love him, and his family — to bless them and be kind to them; — that, had it not been for your wise exhortations, I should not have hastened to the well when I heard the child's scream; and would not have saved his son; — that you were

in fact the cause of his deliverance — would not this proof soften his hard heart, as the oft breeze of spring melts the cold mass of winter ice?”

„It is possible, perhaps,” said Edelbert slowly and thoughtfully, „but I scarcely believe it would. However, nothing can be done at present; I must remain prisoner until his return. Even if his wife were to set me at liberty, I should not accept my Freedom without his acquiescence. She might suffer dearly for it; even if she permitted me to walk about in the castle, the suspicious, unkind man might draw many hateful conclusions. Be silent, therefore, Rosa, and let me remain in prison till God loosens my chains. Far be it from me, ever to cause the noble Lady pain in return for her kindness. But this conversation makes us both sad, — enough of it for to-day, Edelbert and Rosa then spoke of other things.

Lady Fichtenburg, however, had heard enough, and hastened back into her own room. She could not sleep the whole night; surprise, admiration and pity alternately filled her heart. This supposed peasant girl, thought she, is then really the daughter of a noble family; to be near her father she has chosen this mean attire, and engaged herself to the hardest service. She has kept the fruit, and whatever I gave her, for her father; her

filial love made her refuse the better situation I offered her, and enabled her to endure all the hardships of servitude! — What a noble-minded girl! O, how happy her mother would have been, if she still lived! — And this girl — the daughter of a man, whom we keep in chains, saved my son's life? And this father taught his daughter to act thus. What generous and noble feelings!

She burst into tears. No, said she, he shall be free, the good, noble-hearted man! he shall receive back his property, and his fortune. The excellent father, and his good child shall be as happy as they deserve. O! that it were in my power to free him instantly from his prison, and give him back all that belongs to him! He should leave in this same night his dismal abode, and enter Tannenburg to-morrow. But this is impossible. The old deaf Governor who always says that women have no voice in affairs of state, would be doubly deaf to all my entreaties. He would neither let Edelbert out of the prison, nor out of the castle. Our governor at Tannenburg, would not obey me neither; he would lock his gates against Edelbert, and defend the castle as if against his most dangerous enemy. My husband would never forgive me if he heard, that I had but wished to restore Tannenburg to its lawful

owner. However, where women may neither command, nor help themselves, they are often able to do good by their intercession. As soon as my husband returns from the war, I try will for once how far tears, and entreaties may avail. God grant his blessing on my endeavours. How shall I behave in the meantime to Miss Rosa, thought she, shall I tell her, that I know who she is. Shall I — since the conflict between my husband and her father does not concern her — treat her according to her own rank — dress her as a noble Lady — give her a room in my castle — a seat at my own table? What a stir it would make in the castle! The obstinate old Govenor, aided by his old fellow warriors, would never allow Rosa, to exchange a single word with her father; and would guard him strictly; there would be no chance of a milder captivity. In this manner, I should only encrease the distress of the good young Lady. No, nobody in the castle must know for the present, that Rosa is Edelbert's daughter. I will not even tell her, that I know any thing about it, for what would she or her father gain by it? And in how many difficulties should I entangle myself? The best thing is to be of as much service to the good young Lady as possible, without attracting attention, and to leave

the discovery of the secret to a happier moment, which cannot be very far distant.

CHAPTER XVII.

ROSA BEGS FOR HER FATHER'S FREEDOM.

On the following morning Lady Fichtenburg sent for Rosa, and treated her with still greater kindness than before. „I know, said she, that you take an interest in the fate of the good Knight who is imprisoned in our castle; I am very much pleased with your kind behaviour, and praise you for it. But you, my dear child, have yourself but little to bestow. I will in future assist you in your benevolence and from this day you shall supply him with food and drink from my own kitchen and cellar. She gave the delighted Rosa daily the choicest food from her own table, and the best wine of which she herself drank. She took care, not to let the cross Governor know any thing about it, and managed to lull the old man's suspicions. She went every day down into the porter's room as she said to visit the preserver of her son, and succeeded by the attention she paid

Rosa, and her authority over the porter's wife to lighten Rosa's hard service in a great measure. Rosa had permission to visit the Lady in her rooms, whenever she had time, and was allowed to bring the porter's children with her, — a favour which made the porter's wife not a little proud of having such a servant who knew how to gain her Lady's favour so well. Lady Fichtenburg, however, waited with anxiety for the return of her husband, to Fichtenburg. Had he not sent word that he was better, and should soon return, she would have ventured to go to him. At length Kunerich arrived at Fichtenburg with the two Knight's, and the soldiers who had taken the field with him. Knights and soldiers had adorned their helmets, and spears with green oak leaves and made their entrance into Fichtenburg amid the flourish of trumpets. Kunerich sprang from his horse, saluted his wife and children who received him in the castle yard, and proceeded with his Knights, pages, and his bravest warriors to the large dining hall.

After the first tumult of joy had subsided, and Kunerich could not cease admiring his blooming son, the mother how told him the child had fallen into the well, and had been saved by Rosa. She entered into all the details of the case, and painted the

scene with lively colours. Kunerich shuddered. „So you were nearly drowned,“ and I should never have seen you more, dearest Edelbert! what a source of unceasing grief would your loss have been to me and your mother! The blood freezes in my veins, when I think of it! O my dear boy, be more cautious in future.

Lady Fichtenburg then produced the frock which the child had worn, at the time of the accident, and which she kept as a remembrance of it. She showed Kunerich the rent which the iron hook had made in the dress. Kunerich looked at it attentively, and then said: „By heavens! it was high time that help came, for if a few more threads had been torn, our Eberhard would have been lost to us for ever! The poor servant girl has indeed rendered us a great service that was good and noble of her, — that was a great resolution in a girl — it was true heroism! The girl's presence of mind and courage pleases me particularly. Did you reward her for it?

„That,“ said Lady Fichtenburg, „I left for you to do. Whatever I might have given her, seemed to me too insignificant, really nothing at all. I almost fainted when I watched her hanging in the bucket over the deep abyss. Such a deed cannot be recompensed by a few pieces of gold. I bade

her expect her reward from your hands. I hope you will not dissappoint me.

The Knight was more affected than he had ever been in his life before. The impetuous man wished immediately to see the girl, Rosa was summoned; she entered the room with a modest demeanour. The Knight saluted her with the loud exclamation: „Welcome, young Heroine! welcome deliverer of my son! — But I think we know each other already. Yes, I saw you once in the porter's room, but I never suspected, you had so much courage in you then. Well I owe you the greatest thanks; for without you, I should be an unhappy father, and this joyful day would have been to me a day of tears. Ask whatever you like, and it shall be yours. „Yes, said he, who had never learned to moderate his feelings — and in the excess of his happiness — I swear by my honour as a Knight, even if you demanded one of my castles, be it Fichtenburg or Tannenburg, you should have it.

Rosa answered quikly and modestly „you have promised much, noble Knight, and these two noble Knights are witnesses to it. I might beg a great favour of you, and you would not dare to refuse me, but I only demand of you what is right.

Bestore to me and my father what you have taken away from us."

"How! — What! — what was that?" said Kunerich startled: "I robbed, and plundered you? — who are you? and who is your father?" "I am Rosa of Tannenburg," said she: "Edelbert is my father! set him free, and restore him to his rights."

The two strange Knights, and all the warriors present, looked at each other in amazement. Kunerich started back, and stood as if petrified! — However deeply and powerfully the daughter's noble action had moved him, his old hatred towards the father was still too powerful in his heart. A dreadful conflict of contending emotions took place in his heart. He grew as pale as death, rolled his dark eyes wildly around him, and muttered between his teeth. "I would give one of my castles if any body else had done me this service, instead of this man's daughter."

Every person in the room trembled at the Knight's sudden change, and gazed silently at one another, with embarrassed looks. But Kunerich's wife said in a gentle voice: "I have known for a few days that this meanly dressed girl is Edelbert's daughter: Filial love for her father — to be able to see him in his prison — to console him in his dismal solitude — to wait upon him — to

share her own slight portion of food with him — made her enter our castle in this humble attire, and enter the service of the jailor, and bear with the patience of an angel all the ill humour of the porter's wife, with whom the poorest girl in the country would not willingly remain. She did the hardest work, which must have been ten times more painful to her. It made my heart bleed, when I saw from my window how she — a noble Lady of our own rank — carried water upon her head, or cleaned the court yard like the meanest domestic. I did not let any one know, that I knew her rank, I did not allow myself to do any thing for her without your permission, but waited with impatience for your return. And now, dearest Kunerich, be governed by kindness and humanity. Even if Rosa had not saved your son, her filial love ought to be sufficient to reconcile you to the father of such a daughter.

„By my sword,“ cried Siegbert, one of the Knights: „what the young Lady has done for her father, far exceeds all she did for the child. The child's deliverance was the resolution of a moment, which less noble minds have often experienced, but the long, and hard sufferings which she has endured for her father's sake, with admirable perseverance, prove a noble soul. A heart filled with such filial

love, must be noble and good. Were I in your place Kunerich, I should not long be at a loss what to do."

"Kunerich," said Theobald, the other Knight, "if Edelbert was your enemy, he might well have harmed you. By heavens, whilst you were fighting in the field against your enemies, the one you considered your greatest adversary, was in the heart of your castle, and his daughter kept the key of his prison. Nine among ten would have profitted by the opportunity, set fire at night to the castle, and escaped during the tumult. Kunerich, you have verily no reason to be so unjust towards the noble Edelbert."

Kunerich stood silent, with a fixed gaze, he breathed with difficulty, and passed his hand across his burning brow. It appeared as though he had not in the least heard what his wife and friends had said. Every eye was directed towards him in anxious expectation. Rosa looked up imploringly to Heaven, a deep silence prevailed the room. At length his wife approached him, and said with deep emotion: "Dearest Kunerich, only let me tell you one thing more. Oh listen to me kindly, Kunerich, you have been deceived: oh had Edelbert been so inclined, how could I, your faithful wife, beg for his freedom? it would be my duty

to advise you to retain him a close prisoner. But it is not so, as it has till now appeared to me. I will convince you of it. See, it was I alone who discovered that Rosa was Edelbert's daughter, till the moment when she told you herself not a single person in this castle knew her: had it not been for me, even your faithful Governor would never have discovered that Rosa nightly visited the imprisoned Knight. I wanted to know the intent of these visits. I humbled myself — with shame I confess this before you, and these noble warriors — to listen at the door of the prison when father and daughter were engaged at night in earnest conversation. I took this step more from anxiety for you and your castle than for myself; so far did my fear for your welfare lead me, Kunerich. I wished to hear with my own ears, if any plan was formed against you. Father and daughter could never think, that I heard every word. But oh! what did I hear? how was I put to shame! — how good are these people, how good! The poor imprisoned Knight feels nothing of hatred, nor vengeance towards you. He did not only approve of Rosa's deed, but encouraged her to it. It was he who admonished her to love us and to serve us as much as she could. I doubt whether Rosa would have saved your son, had it not been

for her father's wise counsels. You owe this delivery first to the good Edelbert. How can he then be your enemy? how can you still be angry with him? But you are still irresolute, and doubting: O Kunerich, no! — you cannot — will not let Rosa leave this room without granting her petition. Oh God — do thou soften his heart!" — Kunerich said in a low voice. „Rosa may take the castle of Tannenburg, with all that belongs to it, I have nothing to say against that, but Edelbert must stay — where he is. In saying this he did not even look at his wife. She then turned to her son, and, bursting into tears, cried with great emotion. Oh come Eberhardt, entreat for your preserver, that your father may fully grant his petition; kneel down and lift up your hands to him. Look; I kneel with you, I will help you to entreat; I will speak for you, repeat my words.“

The lovely child seeing his mother, and Rosa whom he almost loved as much as his own mother, weeping and in distress began to cry himself. The harsh expression of his father's countenance frightened him; he understood very well, that it was of importance to appease his angry parent. He knelt down — lifted up his little trembling hands, and repeated with an expressive, and heart rending voice the words which his mother

told him. „Dear father do not be so harsh, do not hesitate to set Rosa's father free, Rosa did not hesitate to risk her life for mine. See this good Lady drew me out of the well, let Knight Edelbert also out of his prison. She saved me from a horrible death in the water, do not let her father die in his dismal dungeon. She gave me, your son, back to you again, dearest father, give now the beloved daughter back to her father! O do not turn away from us, dear father! O do but look at me; See! if it had not been for the lady Rosa, you would never have seen me more. Those hands, which I raise to you in prayer, would now be mouldering in the grave.“ — „Hold! that is too much,“ exclaimed Kunerich. He tried in vain to repress the tears which he thought unbecoming in a man. He turned to Rosa saying: „Your father, Lady, is free; I give him back his castle, and all that belongs to it; I have deeply wronged him. The man who has educated such a daughter cannot be wicked.

„God be praised,“ exclaimed the noble Hildegard, and threw herself weeping upon her husband's bosom, and desired Eberhard to kiss his father's hand. Rosa was overjoyed. The two knights could not conceal their tears, and offered their hands to Kunerich: „You are a noble-hearted man, said

Theobald. I shall esteem you from this moment much more than I have done hitherto.“ „You have acted,“ said Siegbert, „as a noble Knight ought to do. It is better to be just than brave; to be able to conquer yourself is better, than to vanquish your enemies.“ A murmur of an applause rose among the pages of honour and the other warriors, many of whom hastily wiped away a tear. They even ventured to praise Kunerich loudly: „That is good! that is brave! that is noble!“ said one and another; and at last they all exclaimed unanimously and from their inmost souls. „Long live Kunerich, Hildegard, and the little Eberhardt! Long live Edelbert and Rosa.“

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROSA ANNOUNCES TO HER FATHER HIS DELIVERANCE.

Knight Kunerich was now quite a different man, since better, and noble sentiments had gained the victory in his heart. The consciousness of having conquered his hateful passions, and listened to the voice of reason gave him a deep and sin-

cere satisfaction. Like the calm after a storm, tranquillity and peace took possession of his breast so lately disturbed. His countenance brightened up, and joy beamed in his eyes. Even little Eberhardt observed this happy change. „Now dear father,” said he, „you look as kind as my Mamma, and Lady Rosa. I now like to look at you, and love you with all my heart. Lady Rosa approached the Knight and expressed her thanks in the most affecting terms.

„Well, well, dear Lady,” said he, „do not make such a noise about it, I neither deserve praise, nor thanks. I should be a monster, if I acted otherwise. Let it rest now and come with me; we will hasten to your father’s prison. It would be a sin to leave him there any longer; come, he has to thank you for his deliverance. You must announce it to him yourself. Speak a word or two in my favour, that he may pardon me the many wrongs I have done him.” The lady Hildegard now made a sign to her husband, and drawing him to a window conversed with him in a low voice. He nodded several times apparently much pleased, and Hildegard then said to Rosa: „come a few moments with me, dear young lady.” The noble Lady then conducted Rosa into a handsome room, in which dresses and jewels had been laid ready for

the time, when Rosa should assume her proper rank. Rosa washed off the brown colour from her face, Lady Hildegard arranged her rich hair into light ringlets and dressed her in a rich white robe trimmed with the finest lace. Rosa now looked exceedingly beautiful. Her blooming countenance rivalled with the lovely white and pink of the fresh blossoms of the apple; her ringlets fell profusely upon her shoulders; her deportment was noble, her whole figure elegant. The Lady in the mean time regarded her with a self-complacent smile. However, she said nothing, she did not think it prudent to make a young girl vain by her praises. Lady Hildegard then produced a pretty casket of bright polished ebony, which was beautifully adorned with gold. „See, dear Lady,“ said she, opening the casket, „these are the jewels of your mother. My husband considering them a valuable prize gave them to me. But I never wore them, I should have considered it a disgrace to adorn myself with stolen jewels. I always looked upon them as your property and longed for the moment when I should be able to return them to you. Receive them therefore from my hands, there is not a single stone, nor pearl wanting.“

Rosa took the jewels with hearty thanks; she

contemplated the fine stones and pearls, but she did not evince as much delight as Hildegard expected from so young a girl. „O my dear mother,“ said Rosa, with tears in her eyes. „What a lively remembrance these stones are to me of you! They are only valuable to me as a gift from you.“ „See, Lady,“ said she to Hildegard, „this diamond ring was my mother’s marriage ring; she received this pearl necklace as a marriage present from the Duchess; my father gave her these diamond earrings on the day of my birth. O! I think I can still see her standing before me ornamented with these jewels. Alas how perishable are we mortals; these pearls still exist, these stones still glisten with their wanted brilliancy, but their noble possessor is mouldering in the grave. What would man be, though the noblest creature of the creation, if there were nothing more durable in him than those glittering stones.“ Lady Hildegard replied: „Dearest Miss, the tears which glitter in your eyes are more valuable than all these pearls, and your noble sentiments are more estimable than these precious stones. Yes, even though your beautiful form must one day become dust, and though the power of time may even dissolve these hard diamonds, your noble feelings will still be the ornament of your soul, and adorn it more

than these beautiful jewels can now adorn your person.

Lady Hildegard than adorned Rosa with the pearls to which she added the glittering earrings, and put the diamond ring upon her finger. The ring, however, was too large; Rosa smiled and said — „we might leave out the ring, it is not quite suited for my youth — only a bride should wear a ring.“ But Lady Hildegard said: „Look it just fits your forefinger, — wear it therefore on that one. The hand of a daughter who did so much for her father is worthy to be adorned with precious stones.“

Lady Hildegard now accompanied Rosa to the door of the prison. Rosa hastily opened it and exclaimed on entering: „God be praised, dearest father, you are now free.“ But how great was her astonishment — her father stood waiting, dressed as formerly on great festivals, in his knight's dress of black velvet and adorned with the gold chain and medal. The two Knights, Siegbert and Theobald, stood on either side of him. Lady Hildegard had begged her husband secretly to dress Edelbert as a Knight during the time she busied herself with Rosa's toilet, and also to let the good man be prepared by Theobald and Siegbert for the unexpected joyful news, but without letting

him know, that his deliverance was so near at hand — in order not to interfere with the pleasure of the noble-hearted daughter, in being the first to announce to her father his freedom. The two Knights had engaged to do so with great delight, they had even brought him themselves the dress which had been taken from him, and assisted in putting it on.

Edelbert embraced his daughter with great emotion; she sank overpowered by her feelings, after so many hardships, upon the breast of her happy father. „O my dearest Rosa,“ said he, „you have with God’s help gained a victory which a whole army could not have gained by fire and sword. The force of arms would only have stormed Kunerich’s Castle, and could have conquered his person, but the gentle influence of your love for your father and all mankind has gained his heart, and changed him from an enemy to a friend. Let us thank God, he has ordered all things wonderfully; it is he who has blessed your filial love and crowned all your endeavours with the happiest success.“

Edelbert now perceived how richly Rosa was adorned with pearls and precious stones. „See,“ said she, „God has not only heard your petition and granted me my freedom, but he has given

you the jewels of your mother for which you never prayed. I have often thought with emotion how you sold your earrings — the only jewel you still possessed of all your former splendour — for my sake ! God has rewarded you for this.“ The two Knights were not a little astonished at Rosa's beauty. „Verily, my lovely Lady,“ said Siegbert, „you made no small sacrifice for your father in hiding your beautiful face under that brown colour and spoiling your figure by such mean clothes. You are indeed as beautiful as an angel.“

Rosa blushed, and took this for a compliment she did not deserve. Siegbert, the other Knight said : „Beauty is the Lady's least attraction ; her filial love for her father is of much greater value. She came like an angel into her father's prison, to sooth his sufferings ; like an angel she now appears to proclaim to him his freedom. Rosa then mentioned Kunerich's petition for forgiveness. Edelbert was much moved. „You see, my tears,“ said he, „and you know that I have long ago pardoned him.“ At that moment the door opened, and Kunerich entered with his little son Eberhardt, his noble wife following them. Eberhardt clung to his father and looked up anxiously at him, to see if his father's reconciliation with Edelbert was sincere. Edelbert and Kunerich clasped each other's

hands, and embraced each other with deep emotion. All anger had vanished. They felt only the happiness of reconciliation, and swore eternal friendship. — The good and humane Edelbert was particularly delighted with the lovely boy, whose life Rosa had saved. He seated himself, wearied by the past emotions, upon the stone bench of the prison — took the child upon his knees, — gazed at him kindly with tears in his eyes — blessed him, and said: „dear lovely child, may God let you grow up to be the delight of your parents, and make a noble man of you!“ „Oh, my dear Knight,“ said the child’s mother: „God grant that the child may love us as your daughter loves you, and that he may resemble her in noble sentiments. We shall then be the happiest of parents.“

The day was closed by a splendid supper in the large brilliantly illuminated hall. Edelbert and Rosa were obliged to seat themselves at the head of the table. Kunerich sat by Edelbert, and Hildegard by Rosa. All the guests were happy. Knight Kunerich had never felt so well satisfied with himself for many years as he himself confessed. „My hatred towards you, dear Edelbert,“ said he, „spoiled all my pleasures; how happy I am now! — how delightful are peace and harmony! I feel now quite convinced that hatred and ani-

mosity come from Hell, love and friendship from Heaven." Kunerich had given orders to have the large silver goblets which were inlaid with gold, placed upon the table, and filled with the best wine in his cellar. Before Edelbert stood the fine silver goblet out of which he generally drank at home, and which he valued so much as being a present from Rosa's grandfather. Rosa instantly perceived it, and thanked Hildegard with her eyes for her kind attention. Kunerich took up the goblet first and emptied it to the health of Rosa and Edelbert. The two Knights followed his example. Edelbert drank too, but said with great emphasis: „We must beware of this strong wine, noble Knights, which is able to overthrow the bravest Knight who was never yet conquered by an enemy and never feared a turkish sabre."

Kunerich laughed. He was pleased with the praise of his wine, but, however, he took the hint. „I know," said he to Edelbert, „when we were pages at the Duke's court, you always admonished me and our comrades to temperance. Well, well, you had reason for it: but do not fear; we will be very merry together to-day, but still remain steady. We will proceed in the greatest order. Every one, before he drinks, must propose a toast — and even you, Hildegard and Rosa, must drink

with us to-day. Hildegard and Rosa complied, but they scarcely moistened their lips with the fiery wine. However, the toasts and healths, which met with the greatest approbation, were those; Edelbert said: „May all German husbands live in harmony and peace together and never again quarrel about trifles.“ Theobald said: „May all the German wives and maidens resemble Lady Hildegard, the lovely Rosa and the departed Mathilda in the virtues of the heart.“ Siegbert said: „May all parents educate their children, as Edelbert and Mathilda did their daughter; and may all children love and respect their parents as Rosa does her father.“ Kunerich ended with the words: „May all parents live to be as happy in their children as Edelbert is in his daughter.“

CHAPTER XIX.

ROSA AND HER FATHER ARE REINSTATED IN THEIR PROPERTY.

Early the next morning Kunerich entered Edelbert's apartment in his travelling dress, booted and spurred. „Edelbert,“ said he, „I have already

aroused my people and given orders to have my horses saddled. I intended riding over directly to Tannenburg and there reinstate you in your property, but my Hildegard thinks, the Castle might not be in good order, as it has only been inhabited by a party of soldiers, and that it ought first to be made ready for your reception. She may be right in that respect," said Kunerich smiling, „but I should never have thought of it. Stay with us a little longer, dear Edelbert, you have passed many dismal days within these walls; let us therefore now spend some cheerfully together.“ Edelbert accepted this proposal and accompanied Kunerich into the large hall, where they were soon joined by Siegbert and Theobald, and their pages. They all sat down to breakfast after which the guests, who longed to see their homes again, took leave of Kunerich and Edelbert, and departed with their warriors who waited for them in the castle-yard.

Kunerich then said to Edelbert: „you must now go over my castle; after dinner we will ride out hunting. Look first at these portraits of our ancestors, with which these walls are adorned. Edelbert examined attentively the old Knights in their armour and their wives in their ancient costumes. Kunerich stood for a long time before

each of them and had a great deal to relate about them. After this Kunerich showed him his armoury in which arms of all sorts were to be seen, all bright, and polished, as well as complete coats of armour for Knights, and also for horses. Kunerich then led him all over his castle and made him take particular notice of the curiously carved and painted deer's heads upon which natural horns of ten and twenty trochings were fixed. After that Kunerich showed him his stables and his fiery high-bred horses. He even conducted him down into his deep cellars, where Edelbert admired his large tuns and was obliged to taste his best wines, whether he would or not.

At last they came to the castle well. Neither of the Knights could look down without shuddering. Edelbert felt new delight at the noble deed of his daughter, and Kunerich at his son's deliverance. Both parents embraced each other and thanked God for the happy rescue.

Lady Hildegard had in the mean time shown Rosa all her household arrangements — the chests filled with beautiful white linen — her fine and rich embroideries, — the large clean kitchen, and several other remarkable things. At last she opened some chests, which stood in a room apart from the rest, and which contained every thing

valuable in linen, dresses etc. These Kunerich had brought from Tannenburg. „I have kept every thing carefully,” said she, „and will send them immediately to Tannenburg. I have been told that your mother spun the finest pieces of linen herself; they are a proof of her unwearied industry and her love for you; your affectionate mother thought already of your dowery. There is not one piece among them, gained by unlawful means. Therefore a blessing rests upon them, and I think for that reason, you could never lose them for ever.“

Rosa wished to visit the porter's room once more, and Hildegard agreed to accompany her. Edelbert and Kunerich joined them, as they passed the court-yard. The porter was seated in his large easy-chair reposing after his journey. On hearing Kunerich's voice he jumped up, and opened the door. Rosa stood before him. „O goodness, Rosa,” said he, „Lady Rosa, I meant to say! — dear me — what have I lived to see you become? but come in with the noble company into the room. So — yes! — yes! I should sooner have expected the Heavens to fall upon me than that my servant maid was the noble Lady of Tannenburg. The like was never heard before. I can scarcely believe that my floor upon which I stand, was

cleaned by you. And, yet, I am astonished that I was so stupid not to perceive sooner that you were Knight Edelbert's daughter. Yesterday evening, when the noise of these events reached my ears from the soldier's hall, my eyes were opened to the reason of your kindness for the imprisoned Knight. Well, well, I praise your filial love, and I see, God and my Lord have already rewarded you. But my Hedwig! — how astonished she was! — It was beyond all description. She almost went out of her senses: — Well, she may beg your pardon herself, noble Lady, for all the impudent things she said to you." The porter's two children stood timidly in a corner. Rosa went up to them, and spoke to them with her usual kindness, so that they soon gained courage. The little Bertha said: „you are now beautifully dressed, Lady Rosa, every thing is new and handsome about you even your face." The little Othmar said: „that is no fault, I am quite content with that; if only Lady Rosa would continue to be our servant: for we shall never get such a good one again." Kunerich and all the rest laughed. Rosa then inquired after their mother. Little Bertha said: „she was just cutting bread for our soup, you see the dish still upon our table." „Yes," said little Othmar, „When she heard the gentle-

men and Ladies coming in at one door, she ran out at the other, as if a wolf was pursuing her." Rosa went out by the door which opened into the kitchen, and led the porter's wife into the room. The poor woman stood quite abashed on seeing Knight Edelbert and Rosa richly dressed, as well as her noble Lord and Lady Hildegard, in her room. She became alternately red and pale. „I wish I could creep into a hole, and hide myself from this company," said she, „for I dare say they all know what fine language I use, and what names I have often called our noble young Lady. But had I known of what high birth my Rosa was, and to what honours she would one day arrive, I would certainly have behaved otherwise." „My good woman," Lady Hildegard said, „the poorest creature is of heavenly descent: that is the highest nobility, with which no other can be compared. The meanest beggar if he be good will gain a glory in the other world, in comparison with which all earthly riches are nothing. You are ashamed and repent of having being unkind towards your former servant, now that she stands before you in a different condition — as a noble Lady; but a much greater shame and a deeper remorse awaits us, when we shall be forced to meet the poor, whom we have treated unkindly here in

this world, in eternity. The porter's wife acknowledged her fault, and begged Rosa's pardon with tears. Rosa said to her: „My dear Hedwig, I often wished to say much to you, but I did not think it prudent formerly; I waited for a more suitable moment, which is now come. Let me speak, a few words to you: — First of all, I must acknowledge before my father and your noble Lord, that you have many excellent qualities. You are a careful, affectionate wife towards your husband, a good mother to your children, and an excellent house-keeper. You are unwearied in your industry; order and cleanliness pervades your house-hold; you are economical without being miserly, and benevolent towards the poor. Nay more — you are kind and obliging towards every one, as long as nothing occurs to irritate you. But then you do not know how to govern your temper; you do and say things that are not proper. Your passionate temper embitters your life and the life of those around you, and has procured you the reputation of being a very ill-tempered woman. People even say — what is not true — that you have very little understanding because you seldom make use of it, and suffer yourself to be guided only by your anger. Try but for once to govern yourself and make use of your reason;

believe me, that such passion may be well called a short madness. Remember that patience and gentleness are christian duties. Make now the resolution to amend yourself. Renew this resolution every morning and evening, even during the day-time, as in the presence of God, and beg him to help you. Do not be disheartened if you do not immediately succeed; do not cease to renew your resolution again and again with still greater fervour. No tree is felled by the first blow. Persevere — and at last you will conquer your passions which are indeed the greatest enemy of your peace. And if you get another servant, who is willing to serve you, do not desire that she be able to do every thing as well and as cleverly as you yourself. Take pains to instruct her according to your wishes: have patience to show her a thing several times; tell her of her faults kindly and gently, and she will improve, do as you wish, and love and respect you. If you get over this fault, every one will esteem you as an excellent character. If I did not esteem you, I should not have said so much. Follow my advice and you will merit honour and happiness, prosperity and blessing.“

„That was well and cleverly spoken,“ cried Kunerich. „That is advice which many men

and many woman — my wife nevertheless excepted — would do well to take to heart! But what a sensible, well-educated young Lady you are, my good Rosa: I myself hope to profit from what you have said. It puts me in mind of what my departed father often said to me. But he generally put it all together in one short proverb: — Kunerich, Kunerich, he used to say, more sense and less heat! That is the way to get through the world.“ — After a few days, Kunerich and his wife, attended by a considerable retinue of armed soldiers and well dressed domestics, departed with Edelbert and Rosa, and took the road to Tannenbourg. The report of what had taken place in Fichtenbourg had already spread over the whole country. In all Kunerich's villages and hamlets through which they passed, the joyful people thronged from every cottage, rejoicing at the harmony between the two Knights; but particularly wishing to see the young Lady, whose conduct towards her father had been so exemplary, and who had so heroically rescued the little Eberhardt from the well. But, when Edelbert entered his own estates, every thing was still, and all the villages seemed deserted. Edelbert was surprised and lost himself in con-

jectures as to the reason, but when they arrived at the outer gates of the castle, he saw that the whole court was full of people; all his tenants were assembled here, and arranged with the greatest order. On one side were arranged the boys, youths and men; on the other the little girls, maidens and women. They were all in their holyday dresses. Burkhardt was appointed spokesman for the men, and Gertrude was deputed by the women. According to the ancient custom Burkhardt had got up, for the occasion, with the assistance of the old Governor, a very long speech, and he began with a serious demeanour thus: — „As — accordingly — since what has taken place — happened — and come to pass“ — here, he did not know how to go on; he recovered himself however, and said: „forgive me, dear Lord, the moment that I looked upon you, I forgot all the learned things which are doubtless very fine. Now, I can say nothing more, but that I would willingly die, now that I have seen this day!“ The good Gertrude too, greeted her Lord and the Lady Rosa with tears of joy, instead of the words which she had learned to repeat. The emotion of the good country people was so great, that weeping almost prevented their

acclamations of joy. Edelbert and Rosa, who were both affected even to tears, passed through the ranks of the happy people. On the devoted terrace before the inner castle gates, through which the castle was approached, were the Knights Siegebert and Theobald, and several others with their wives, sons and daughters, richly dressed and surrounded by numerous attendants. Before them stood Agnes — the good daughter of the Charcoal-burner — crowned with flowers, and dressed in white, holding a purple cushion ornamented with gold tassels, upon which lay the well polished keys of the castle. „Noble Lady,“ said she, „you have not only delivered your father from his dungeon, but your filial love has also opened to him the gates of his castle; accept, therefore, these keys and place them in the hands of your father.“ Rosa offered the cushion to her father, he took the keys, at the same time looking up thankfully to heaven. He remembered that dreadful night when in the midst of storm and rain, he had sat in chains upon a rude cart before these very gates, and had been led away from his castle — Rosa following him, weeping and lamenting. The friendly reception which Kunerich's wife had so kindly prepared

for him, was rendered more touching by these remembrances. „Before I cross the threshold of the castle gates,” said he, „let us go into the castle chapel. God has guided all that has happened for our good, he has turned mourning into joy, let us return a grateful thanks-giving to him.” All the Knights and their Ladies approved of this proposition, and followed him into the chapel. After this pious act, they proceeded to the large dining hall, where the table was prepared. The people were served in the court of the castle, but Edelbert could not wait till the repast was finished: even before the meal was over, he went down into the castle court, and was as happy among his tenants, as a father among his children. He sought out the good Burkhardt and his wife before every one.

„You faithful, old servant,” said he to him, „since you and your good wife received my daughter so kindly into your cottage, you shall now leave my castle no more. I create you on the spot the manager of my stud — an employment which you, who served in your youth as a trooper, must understand much better than charcoal-burning. Your good Gertrude, who provided me with linen in my captivity, shall from this time be housekeeper in my

castle, and your good Agnes, who was so faithful to my daughter in her misfortune, shall now be her companion in her prosperity. She could not possibly find a better servant or friend!"

Edelbert then visited each table, and spoke with every one of the guests. He knew how to say something agreeable to each. As it had been impossible for the Lady Hildegard to invite all the vassals of Edelbert, she had sought out the oldest of them with their children and grand-children, without making any distinction between rich and poor. The others, she had caused to be informed, that Edelbert would invite them on a future occasion. Many of those present had formerly received monthly or yearly allowances from Edelbert, but since the castle had been in the enemy's hands, nothing had been given them, Edelbert secured to them their pensions a-fresh. At this the joy was universal; all declared that they were ready to give up their lives and properties for their good Lord. Kunerich, who was also come down into the court and stood by the side of Edelbert, now said: — „How true it is, that kindness is above power, and that it is better to be loved than feared!“ „In my opinion,“ re-

plied Edelbert, „that master is the best, who is feared by the bad, and loved by the good.“

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION OF ROSA'S HISTORY.

Edelbert and Kunerich, Rosa and Hildegard frequently visited each other. Kunerich, to the great benefit of himself and his vassals, consulted his friend Edelbert on all occasions. Rosa honoured the noble Hildegard as a second mother, and always sought to benefit by her instructions.

The friendship in which they all lived together, was a great means of rendering life dear to them. For some time past Kunerich had ceased to come to Tannenburg, and had even declined, under trifling pretexts, the visit which Rosa and Edelbert had proposed paying him. One day, quite unexpectedly he galloped into the castle yard, and invited Edelbert and Rosa to accompany him immediately to Fich-

tenburg. They easily perceived that some thing particular was in his mind, but could not succeed in discovering his secret. Mean-while, they set off with him. As soon as they arrived at Fichtenburg, Kunerich scarcely allowed them time to salute his Lady: — „Edelbert,“ said he, „you must come instantly with me, and Rosa also.“ He drew Edelbert away almost forcibly, and Hildegard and Rosa followed the two Knights. They proceeded by the dark passage to Edelbert's dungeon. „Good heavens! where are you leading me,“ exclaimed Edelbert astonished. „It makes me shudder,“ said Rosa. „What have we to do in that dismal prison?“ Kunerich was silent; he opened the door of the dungeon, and they entered, to their great surprise, a very beautiful and splendidly decorated Chapel. Several lofty windows with brilliantly coloured glass enlightened it. The roof and walls were painted sky blue and studded with golden stars; and the altar glittered with gilded carvings. Edelbert and Rosa expressed their admiration and approval. „I thought,“ said Kunerich, „that this change would please you. I wished to surprise you with it, and that is the reason I declined your visits during its building. The chapel is very beautiful, is it not, but the honour

of it is due to my pious Hildegard. She influenced me to have this little church built. Let me tell you how she managed it. Last autumn, after we had accompanied you to Tannenburg, and had returned home again, she begged me to visit with her the prison in which you had been confined. I was reluctant to do so: — Why so, said I? — I shudder at the idea. I nevertheless went with her, for her entreaties were not to be withstood. As soon as we had entered, she said to me: — See how filial love has transformed this dismal dungeon into an agreeable dwelling! — It is true, said I, formerly, it was a fearful-looking place; now, it is as light and beautiful as a chapel. My good Hildegard exclaimed delighted: that is a good thought my dear Kunerich, one which I have long cherished in secret. It first came into my mind, when I saw the fine chapel at Tannenburg. Yes, it would be easy to make these spacious, vaulted halls into a chapel. Some thing we must do to testify our gratitude to God for the happy deliverance of our son. The building a chapel would be the best thing that we could do; it is exactly what we want. Excellent, as are the arrangements of our castle in every other respect,

hitherto we have always been obliged to attend the village church which has often been difficult and frequently impossible to accomplish. A chapel in the castle is a monument that will bring blessings upon our latest posterity. Thus she spoke — the proposal pleased me. You are perfectly right, said I, yes, let it be so. No prisoner shall ever again languish within these walls; in this place we will continually thank God for his mercy in saving our son by the hand of our Lady Rosa — reconciling me with the Knight Edelbert — and restoring to me true peace of heart. — This was the origin of the chapel! „And to-morrow,“ added Lady Hildegard, „the pious Abbot Norbert will dedicate it. Siegbert, Theobald and several other Knights, whom we love and respect, will be present at the ceremony with their wives and children; but the guests we shall love and respect most, are you, my good Edelbert, and you, my dear Rosa. And we feel sure that you will take a peculiar interest in the dedication of this chapel, which owes its existence to you. You will doubtless witness with pious emotion the solemn ceremony.“

The dedication of the chapel to the service of God was indeed a very beautiful and affect-

ing ceremony. The Knights, who were invited, appeared with their families at the appointed hour, in full dress and armed, according to the custom of those days. The Knights took their places on either side of the altar; their Ladies dressed in black and gold, the younger Ladies in white, with wreath of flowers upon their hairs. They were all full of reverence; the little Eberhardt and his two sisters knelt with uplifted hands before the altar, with a devotion which made them resemble angels. The chapel was decorated with hawthorn, and the altar with fresh flowers: wax candles were burning, and the smoke of incense ascended up to heaven. The reverend Abbot approached the altar with miter and staff, and surrounded by several priests in rich dresses; he then turned to the congregation and with pious joy observed their devout behaviour; he then pronounced a short discourse, the tenor of which is conveyed in the following words. „Beloved in the Lord! The love of good parents to their son, who has been saved from great danger; the love of a good daughter to her father, for whom, in this place, she performed many kind acts were circumstances which caused the erection of a chapel in this once dismal place. To-day

we will dedicate it to the service of God, with a thankful remembrance of his goodness towards us. The event which brings us together also furnishes me with matter for my discourse; but I shall not touch more upon it, on the present occasion, lest I should offend the modesty of my hearers, for it is already well known to all present. I shall only remind you of some precepts, which are well illustrated by the circumstances which have lately occurred, and as I see many families assembled before the altar, I shall endeavour to speak a few words to parents and children. It is well ordered by God, and particularly shows to us his goodness and kindness, that he intrusts to the care of affectionate parents the most lovely and helpless beings on earth — children; that he imparts to parents an especial love to their children, — a spark from his own universal love —; that the first benefits which are bestowed on the body and soul of man came to him through a good father or tender mother; that He, the Invisible One, shows to children, in their parent's affection, an emblem of his own eternal love. May all father's and mother's endeavour to set before the eyes of their children a true picture of real goodness:

— May they imitate God, who does not only feed and clothe us men, but also provides in innumerable ways for our instruction, guides us in the right way by rewards and punishments, and by all which He ordains, wills only our good and happiness. — May the love of parents to their children — that heavenly flame — never be darkened and obscured by the smoke and dimness of earthly passions — never degenerate into blind indulgence which spoils children by disregarding their faults. — May this heavenly flame never through love of the world, sensual pleasures, distracting amusements or unruly passions, be totally extinguished. — May all children know how to rightly estimate the happiness of possessing good parents. Sons and daughters, who have already passed the years of childhood, look back once more to those golden days — the happiest of your lives! Your parents then cared for all your wants; food was provided for you at proper times, and clothes were prepared you by your tender mother. Your father spared no trouble and denied himself many pleasures to provide you with all things needful. Your tender mother shared her last morsel with you; when you were sick, how many long anxious

nights did she watch by your bedside? — The care of your father, the fond attention of your mother, warned and guarded you from danger. To them you had recourse in all your little troubles, and how often did they wipe away your tears. From their experience you reaped instruction, they taught you to speak, hundreds of times daily asked you the names of the various objects around you, they were never weary of answering your questions with joyful readiness. They told you what was true, good and right, and encouraged you to follow it; they were the mediators in your little quarrels with your brothers and sisters, and accustomed you to forbearance, peace and harmony. The satisfaction of your father at your good behaviour, the affectionate smile of your mother, rewarded you much more than the most costly present; even the punishments which wise parents find now and then necessary, were benefits to you. How bountiful has God provided for you since the moment when your eyes first opened to the light of the sun! Observe in this beautiful arrangement of God's, his love, and goodness towards you; honour him in your parents, by whose hands he has bestowed upon you so many blessings. Save the parents, whom God has given you; be obedient to them, where

experience so far exceeds your own, and who love you so tenderly. Let your hearts be filled with the most tender gratitude towards them. May you ever be preserved from that most dreadful of crimes — filial ingratitude — let there be a true confidence between you and your parents, and when you have committed a fault, beware of falsehood and prevarication, which are always the first steps towards total ruin. Endeavour to make your parents happy, and since you can never fully repay them for the benefits they have conferred upon you, seek at least to show yourselves sensible of them. As they cared for you in the helpless days of infancy, so do you care for them in the approaching time of age, and sweeten by unwearied assiduity the last days of their lives. You ought to be content to live on bread and water, and to wear dresses of the coarsest description rather than let your parents suffer want. Only as you fulfill the fourth commandment, will it go well with you in this world, and in that which is to come. The blessing of God will accompany you to the grave, and beyond the tomb, he will make you a partaker of this glory. From the parents and children assembled before the altar, I raise my eyes to Him to whom it is now to be dedicated — the kind Father of us all, to whom

we ought to show the obedience of children, who desires us to address him by the tender name of father, and who assures us, that he remembers us constantly as a mother remembers her child. Let parents look upon their love for their children, as an emblem of the love of God — our heavenly father — towards all mankind. How comforting must be the thought to every afflicted father or mother, that God's care for them far exceeds that which they have for their children! How then can he forget them? Only those children whose hearts are filled with respect, love, confidence and obedience towards their parents, can truly call God their father; only such children can love Him — their best father. Above all things, resist temptation, from obedience to him, and become really good men. Only those children who, in their paternal homes, have been brought up in love to their families, and free from hatred, envy, and strife, will be able, on their entrance into the world, to love all men as their brethern and as the children of one common father! Only such children will be enabled, in the midst of all those troubles, from which no man's life is exempt, to find a firm support, by faith in their heavenly father, and to live in no fear of death, since it can be the only means of uniting them to Him in the

mansions of the blessed. — O God, heavenly father, grant us strength to love Thee above all things, and to love one another as brothers and sisters, to defend the widows, and the fatherless, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world, which destroys all true love. This is the most pure and acceptable service we can render Thee. Thus would all the families of the earth become the family, upon which Thou, the father of mankind wouldest look upon with approbation. That Thy service, to which this chapel is now dedicated, and which will in future be celebrated within its walls, may conduce to this happy end, do Thou mercifully grant, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

After the chapel had been dedicated, and the first service performed in it, the guests went to dinner in the large hall. Scarcely were they seated, when the sound of trumpets was heard in the castle-yard. Kunerich and the other Knights heard it, ran to the windows and saw a body of armed men in the court. Several servants rushed into the room exclaiming — the Duke. The Knights were about to hasten to receive him, when he entered the hall, accompanied by several Knights. He was a tall, stately man of noble stature; his hair was already grey, but his eyes still retained their wonted fire. He saluted Edelbert first, and

offered him his hand, saying — „my dear Edelbert, I wished to bring you myself the first news of the glorious peace which we have obtained, and to return you my thanks, and those of the Emperor, for the help which you and your brave people have afforded us. I arrived late yesterday evening at Tannenburg, where I heard, that you had gone to Fichtenburg. I set off with my companions at break of day to join you here, as I feel convinced, that in future we shall find an upright and faithful friend in the Knight Kunerich. You were not prepared for such a surprise,” said he, turning to Kunerich, and offering him his hand. „I have the Emperor’s command to express to you his entire satisfaction at your reconciliation with the noble Edelbert, and I must also add my own pleasure in seeing two such brave Knights, living together in peace and harmony.” Kunerich was almost beside himself with joy; the favour of the Emperor, and the Duke operated upon him like the most costly wine — it almost intoxicated him. The Duke next observed the pious Abbot, and going up to him, expressed to him the pleasure he felt in seeing him there, adding, — „I am so much the more delighted to see you here, reverend father, since this happiness seldom falls to the lot of us worldly people. You never show yourself without the

walls of your convent except when summoned by your pious duties." The Duke then turned to Hildegard and said — „relying on your kindness, noble Lady, I appear at your table as an uninvited guest, and salute you as the kind hostess of myself, and the Knights who accompany me. — To you, my amiable young Lady, said he, addressing himself to Rosa, „I have special commissions, which you shall hear after dinner. — Now," said the Duke to the remainder of the company, „I will no longer detain from table the noble Knights with their wives and daughters, and will also set you a good example myself, for to confess the truth, I am really very hungry after my long ride. For once we will dine together in a friendly manner, and without ceremony. I request that the Lady of Fichtenburg and the Lady Rosa may sit on either side of me, although I thereby offend the old proverb: — Virtue possesses the middle place. You, reverend Abbot, I should wish to see opposite to me, between the two reconciled Knights; peace making was ever your favorite employment, therefore, the position must please you. I shall have four persons, who have had the greatest share in the events which have brought us together to-day, next to me, and can converse more familiarly with them." The rest know their

places. The Duke took the head of the table where a cover and a golden goblet, had been placed for him; the other guests seated themselves according to his directions. As soon as their hunger began to be satisfied, the Duke said: „the quarrel between Edelbert and Kunerich, as well as their reconciliation, with the part taken in it by the Ladies Hildegard and Rosa, has indeed come to our ears in the imperial camp; but the history is so interesting, that I wish to know the particulars of it.“ He then proceeded to ask questions respecting many of the late events; Edelbert and Rosa, Kunerich and Hildegard were obliged to relate their stories in turn. The Duke listened very attentively, and frequently expressed his pity for the excellent Edelbert and his admiration of the noble Rosa. He also bestowed upon the Lady of Fichtenburg the praises she so justly merited, and expressed particular satisfaction at Kunerich's behaviour. Edelbert and Rosa would have concealed many circumstances in their account, to spare Kunerich's feelings, but Kunerich immediately related them himself with honest candour. „I have acted very wrongly,“ said he, „I know it, but the fault has been committed and cannot be done away by concealment. It is more honourable openly to confess one's faults, and to

make amends for them, as far as possible. I believe that I have done this, and I advise every one, who has committed a fault, to do the same. He will not repent of it, and by no other path will he arrive at peace and contentment." When the recital was finished, the Duke looked round approvingly, and said: „We have to thank this excellent young Lady for having dined thus peaceably together. Without her interposition, we should now be engaged in deadly contest with each other, for, of course, we should not have permitted the Knight Edelbert to remain in a dungeon. Orders were already given in the imperial camp, that as soon as peace was concluded with our foreign enemies, I should march with a large body of troops to attack Kunerich's castle and take it by storm. Kunerich would doubtless have resisted bravely, and much blood would have been shed before the walls of this castle. God be praised, that he has by means of a delicate girl, this noble young Lady, otherwise decreed it." The modest Rosa blushed: „O my noble Lord!" said she, „I do not deserve so much honour, God alone has directed all things. The bird, which flew into the bucket of the well, had as large a share in the happy conclusion of the misunderstanding between my father and Knight Kunerich, as I had.

War has been prevented, by my coming to pass at the moment when Eberhardt was at the well in the absence of Thekla." The pious Abbot Norbert said with emotion: „The beautiful remark, which the Lady Rosa had made, cannot be rewarded with gold. Yes, so it is: — a thousand little circumstances occur daily, to which we pay no attention, and which are nevertheless, of the utmost importance, and decide the fate of numbers. Several such circumstances may be found in this story: for instance — who thinks that his fate may perhaps depend on rain and sunshine? Yet, had it rained on the day, when the autumnal sun shone so brightly, little Eberhardt would not have come down into the castle yard, and Rosa would not have had the opportunity of saving him, and thus softening the heart of his father; and perhaps several hundred brave men would have lost their lives at the storming of this castle, and cost their widows and orphans many bitter tears. Who would believe it possible that a great change could be wrought in his life by some trifle that happened to stand upon his table? Yet, had not that little dish of mushrooms been placed upon the charcoal-burner's table it would never have occurred to the young Lady, to become the servant of the porter's wife. Those mushrooms, un-

der God's guidance, prevented this castle being stormed and perhaps converted into a heap of ashes, instead of being the scene of our festivities to-day. Thus is divine providence, glorified in the apparent chances of human life. As an experienced musician can unite a thousand different tones, even though discordant tones be among them, in one harmonious whole, so the divine power guides a thousand of the trifling events of life, some agreeable, some disagreeable, to one common end. If we attentively considered our life in this point of view: how often should we find occasion to thank and praise God with joyful hearts, for his wise and benevolent dispensations?" All applauded this speech. The Duke took the golden goblet solemnly in his hands, rose and exclaimed: „to the health of the Emperor.“ All present, the Abbot, the Knights, the pages of honour, the ladies and the young maidens rose respectfully, repeated the toast, and drank to it with acclamation. The Duke then placed his cup upon the table, and turning to Rosa said: — „At this solemn moment, I will execute my commission from the Emperor, to you my young Lady. He has heard, with the greatest admiration, of your filial love, which has spared us a sanguinary quarrel, after the happy conclusion of our foreign war.

He has therefore wisely concluded, what I shall now have the honour of making known to you, your father, and all present." The duke made a sign to one of the Knights who had accompanied him. The latter produced a long document, written on decorated parchment covered with red velvet, to which was attached the large imperial seal, suspended from a cord of silk and gold. The Duke presented it to the astonished Rosa, and said: „My honoured Lady, since your father has no son, Tannenburg, as an inheritance of the male line, must become the property of the Emperor: but you have served him more effectually than ten sons might perhaps have done; this fief is made over to you by the Emperor as this letter will acquaint you. You may now chose the son of the noblest German chivalry Knight, with no other condition, than his taking the title of Tannenburg. May the honourable name of Tannenburg descend to your children and your great grand children, and may your noble race long remain to be a blessing upon the earth!" Edelbert was deeply affected by the distinguished favour of the Emperor; Rosa, who looked upon herself as unworthy of such distinction, could scarcely find words to express her gratitude. The wish of the Duke was afterwards fully accomplished;

many valiant young Knights made proposals for Rosa's hand, but she chose the noblest among them, Eckbert the youngest son of the Duke, with whom she ever afterwards lived happily. But this did not take place till several years afterwards. The Duke now expressed a wish to see the well and the chapel. Hildegard immediately gave orders, that the bucket should be surrounded by lighted wax tapers, before it was let down, to show the depth of the well. The Duke now proceeded, with the whole company, to the well, praised its skilful construction, and said as he watched the twinkling wreath of lights descending deeper and deeper: „really my good young Lady, I wonder where you got the courage from to venture down there. As long as this castle stands, people will speak of the brave Lady of Tannenburg. You have erected to yourself from this well a monument, such as falls to the lot of few heroes.“ „O no, my noble Lord,“ said the unpretending girl, „let the well be looked upon rather as a monument of the power and mercy of God! While looking down into it, at this moment I feel but too well, that the courage to venture down lay not in myself; God inspired me with it, God saved the child. Let all thanks be given to Him — the all-merciful deliverer; let

Him be adored and praised by all who shall ever behold this well! The Duke then visited the chapel, knelt for a few moments on the steps of the altar, then rose, and said: — „Since Rosa’s filial love for her imprisoned father has been the means of converting his dungeon into a chapel, this inscription ought to be placed over the altar in golden letters: — „To the remembrance of filial love.“ Rosa answered, modestly blushing, „oh no! — no! — that would be to much honour for a mortal. Let this altar and chapel be dedicated to the Almighty alone, who has done such great things for us all.“ The pious Abbot commended Rosa’s modesty, and then continued: „I must, however, propose instead of the inscription, which this modest young Lady pleads against, that these words be written up in letters of gold: —“ Honour thy father and mother, so shall it be well with thee, and thou shall live long upon the earth.“ — The suggestion was followed, and the fulfillment of the divine promise contained in these words, was, in after life, richly experienced by Rosa.

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weiblichen Geschlechts.

Entworfen

von

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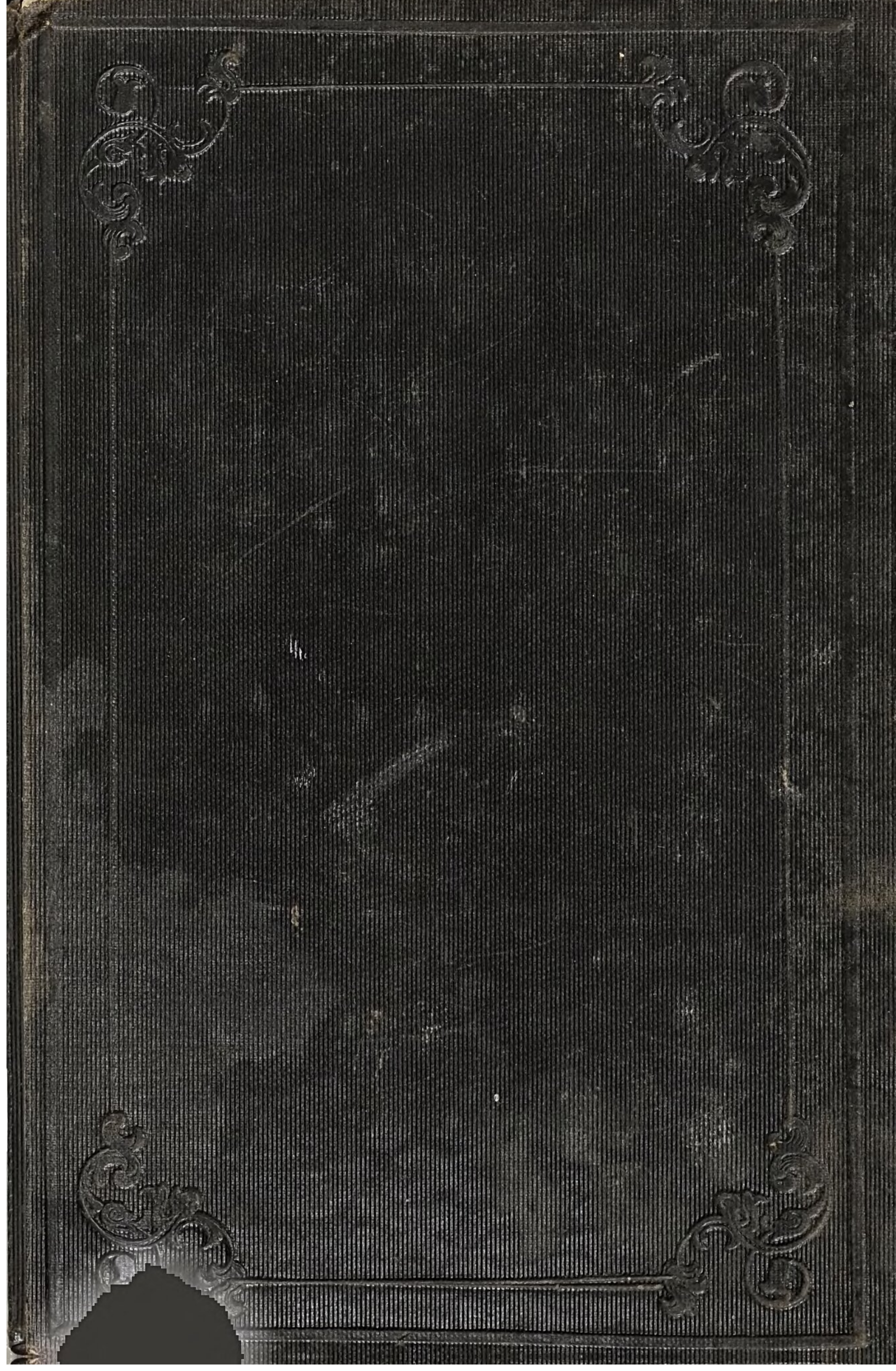
Zweite Auflage.

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Vorliegendes Werk ist eine Bereicherung der an guten Schriften armen Literatur des speciellen Zweigs der Erziehung, der die weibliche Jugend betrifft. Der Herr Verfasser durch seine amtliche Stellung vor vielen andern berechtigt und berufen, ein Wort tiefgehender Belehrung und ernster Erinnerung an seine Zeit zu richten und die Schätze seines Geistes und seiner Erfahrung auch weitem Kreisen der menschlichen Gesellschaft aufzuthun, hat seine Schrift der Königin von Preußen, dem Muster edler Weiblichkeit, gewidmet. In einfacher, klarer, allen gebildeten Eltern verständlicher und anziehender Sprache handelt er mit logischer Folgerichtigkeit und philosophischem Geiste in der ersten Abtheilung von der eigenthümlichen Natur und Bestimmung des Weibes im Gegensatz von der männlichen und baut sodann in der zweiten auf das Ergebnis seiner Untersuchung die zweckmäßigste Methode der Erziehung und Unterweisung des weiblichen Menschen. Zum Beweis der Gediegenheit des Werks mag schon das dienen, daß hier das religiöse Prinzip, das heutzutage von den Stimmberechtigten wohl als das einzig richtige anerkannte, zur Grundlage des Ganzen genommen wird. Eltern, Lehrer, Schulbehörden und wer immer in dieser großen Sache thätig zu seyn im Fall ist, wird das Buch mit Nutzen lesen. Möge es den Segen stiften, den es beabsichtigt und den es zu verbreiten in hohem Grade geeignet ist.

Schmid-ff.

K



Schmid, Christoph <<von>>,

Rosa of Tannenburg a tale of ancient times for parents and children

Stuttgart 1847

Augsburg, Staats- und Stadtbibliothek -- Schmid 486

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